

## ROBERT BELLARMINE, SCHOLAR AND SAINT

**T**HE little towns of Italy, like the big towns, have long memories, and a romance and lingering fascination of their own. Montepulciano is a little town, perched high up, on a ridge of the vine-clothed Tuscan hills. Nearby is Thrasymene, beside whose blue waters so much fruitless Roman valour lies asleep. And the pleasant plains of Umbria are not far away, where St. Francis took the Lady Poverty for his bride.

In this white, storied city of St. Agnes, Robert Francis Romulus Bellarmine, who in all likelihood will soon be officially decreed Blessed by the unerring voice of the Church, came into the world on October 4, 1542. In the names given the baby boy a tribute to the Poverello's sweet memory is curiously linked with a quaint touch of old patrician pride. When he grew up he was fond of his names. He was proud to be called after the man who built such stout, defensive walls for ancient Rome. One day he was himself to help in building the battlements of Rome Eternal. But Francis was his best-loved name. He was born on the Feast of St. Francis; and on the Feast of St. Francis he died. And his whole life long he was Franciscan in his soul. For all the vast learning which he wore in later days with such easy, and unembarrassed grace, he had in him the simple heart of a child.

Little Robert was fortunate in his mother. Cynthia Bellarmine—the sister of a saintly Pope—was one of the Monicas of the world. And her wise love was the ruling Providence of all her children's schemes.

Robert's childhood and boyhood were happy times without a history. He used to play at saying Mass, he tells us, like such multitudes of little boys before and after him. But he put in the sermon, an item which most other small Levites judiciously skip. Indeed, he thought the sermon the best part of the nursery ritual, and his preference, as we shall see, was prophetic. He did his schooling with the other lads of his class at the Jesuit College of his native town. It had been founded recently by the wonderful boy, Cardinal

dei Nobili, who assumed the purple at the age of twelve and died a saint before he was seventeen.

Robert was no good at games, but his school-fellows were very fond of him all the same. He was so kindly and unassuming they said—such a “decent chap.” At this time his great ambition was to be a poet. Like his hero, St. Augustine, he was passionately fond of Virgil, and used to “weep for dead Dido because she killed herself for love.” He wrote hundreds of Latin poems, only a few of which, he says in his autobiography with grim satisfaction, have survived. One of them will survive for ever. He wrote it when he was a Cardinal in a kind of joking contest with one of his literary friends. It begins “Pater Superni luminis,” and found its way, to Bellarmine’s astonishment, into the Roman Breviary for the Vespers of St. Mary Magdalene’s Feast. Clement VIII. had put the friends up to the competition, and he obviously did it with ulterior motives of his own.

Young Robert was very fond of music too, and sang and played the rude violin of those pre-Stradivarian days with excellent skill. But his chief hobby was the making of nets for the hunt. When an old man, he recalled with simple pleasure that the nets he had stitched together were never known to break. These outward things, however, are only the passing show, the mere frame of his ideal. They tell us little of the boy that was Robert Francis Bellarmine. His secret is elsewhere altogether—laid up with Christ in God. St. Stanislaus died when Robert was a child of eight, and those who knew him best when he was young spoke of him in the same breath with Stanislaus. He was full of grace from his cradle and had God always on his horizons and in his heart.

When the time came for the boy to leave school, his father, a good man and a well-born man, but poor, decided to send him to the University of Padua, fondly hoping that this brilliant son of his would one day retrieve the fallen family fortunes. He had every reason to think that the lad would make a great name, but God had destined the house of Bellarmine for quite another kind of immortality than that which its then head had in his dreams.

Robert’s heart was not at peace. He debated within himself, he tells us, one critical day, how he could best win that steadfastness and rest of soul for which he longed. He

thought over all the dignities and honours which were open to talents and character such as his own, but he remembered their brevity too—the Pope, his uncle, had died after a three week's reign—and a great horror seized him for the vanity of them all. *Inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te*. The remembrance of God swallowed up everything else, and he decided at once to seek out some Order in which even the legitimate prizes of ecclesiastical ambition were definitely banned. In this way it was he found his vocation to the Society of Jesus, and joined it on September 21, 1560, four years after the death of St. Ignatius, when he himself was eighteen years old. Shortly after this he was sent to study philosophy at the Roman College, and spent there three heroic years, battling with unending headaches and ill-health, and the wearying metaphysics which the poet in him did not love. But for all that he became the best philosopher of his year. He began his teaching-work in Florence quite broken in health, but he went to the Chapel and told God: "You must not let me die, because I want to live and work a long time in Your cause." Fifty strenuous, crowded years were the sequel to his prayer.

Robert was a little man, rather crooked in body, with a big head and a great long nose. He had no illusions about his appearance, and he confides to us in his autobiography that, in order to win some standing with his boys, he would occasionally introduce into the lessons some grand-sounding scholastic phrases, nicely calculated to engender awe. He had to teach Greek to a class which had already made some acquaintance with the language, whereas he himself knew only the Alphabet. Nothing daunted, he announced to the boys that he was going to begin with them again right from the start, so that when they came to Demosthenes they would be able to enjoy his subtle charm all the more. Outside school-hours he slaved away at the abominable Greek Grammars of those days with all his might, and in a short time had mastered all their rules and crotchets. Demosthenes then was a mere bagatelle. Signor Robert was a tremendous worker. While in the Colleges he not only did full teaching work, but read in the Refectory, helped the lay-Brothers, accompanied the Fathers on their walks, called the community in the morning, and was in constant demand as a preacher.

Even as a boy Bellarmine was well known for his splendid

gifts of speech. But now the great pulpits of Italy began to welcome him. He was very young, only twenty-two, and of course not yet a priest. One good lady, on seeing this fresh-faced lad ascend the steps, fell on her knees and prayed all during the sermon that God would save the Society she loved from derision when the inevitable breakdown came. She evidently worried young Robert, but "she did not know what a grand memory God had given me," he said. His Provincial heard him preach on one occasion, and straightway decided that this was his predestined sphere. So he was sent at once to Padua, where he studied Theology with brilliant success for two years, preaching regularly all the while.

At this date heresy was beginning to lift an impudent head in the Flemish Provinces, and a great preacher was the crying need of the day. St. Francis Borgia, the new General of the Society, decided that Robert Bellarmine was the man, and sent him instructions to proceed to Louvain. He made the perilous journey in company with William Allen and other Englishmen exiled for the Faith. On his arrival he began immediately a sermon course at St. Michel, and went on with his studies at the University. The following year, 1570, he was ordained, and was at once requested to give public lectures on the *Summa* of St. Thomas. For five wonderful years he continued to teach and to preach with endless zest, till at last his health, always precarious, gave way under the intolerable strain. During this time, too, he was hearing innumerable confessions and teaching the many souls who came to him for guidance his own well-learned lessons in the burning love of God. During his public Course on St. Thomas, he displayed that courtesy in debate which was always to be one of his distinguishing traits. Michael Baius, the University Chancellor, an old man of great learning and repute, was then airing strange views on Grace—a kind of "soft" Calvinism, all the more dangerous for its sugary disguise. Young Bellarmine, still unknown to fame, tackled Goliath in the country of the Philistines. But he used the sweet ruses of charity in his attack and won his victory without ever wounding his foe.

During his stay in Louvain he found time, too, goodness knows where and how, to make a deep study of Holy Scripture and the Fathers. He knew no Hebrew, but reckoned that fact in his own brave way, "only another nice little hill to climb." Having learned the Alphabet and a few rules



from some well-versed colleague, he characteristically set about making himself a new Grammar of the language "on an easier plan than the Rabbis had so far devised." To test his method he made a kind of friendly bet with one of his students that he would teach him Hebrew in a week, as St. Jerome did the wonderful girl Blesilla. And Father Bellarmine fulfilled his pact to the letter. His Scripture studies bore rich fruit in after days when he wrote his beautiful commentary on the Psalms, which the great scholar, Richard Simon, so much esteemed. About the same time he wrote a kind of Patrology for his own use, which he called *De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis*. It was afterwards published, and contains his remarks and critical notes on nearly four hundred ancient authors whose works he had read and studied with close attention. His dissertations later on, when he came to write his great *Controversies*, on such delicate subjects as the thought of the Greek Fathers on Grace, and the Eucharistic Doctrine and free-will theories of St. Augustine, show what a wonderfully intimate acquaintance he acquired with all the labyrinths and by-paths of that terribly complicated Patristic world. But it was his preaching that brought him his greatest fame. People came all the way from England to hear this new Chrysostom, and records still exist of the wonderful impression his sermons made. Robert Bellarmine was first and foremost an athlete of God with a great, devouring zeal to win men back to their lost allegiance to His Love. We are told how his face literally shone while he spoke, and the old Gospel compliment—"Never man spake as he"—was always coming to his listeners' lips. When we read the great volume of sermons he has left us we can understand their enthusiasm. There is a glow about them, a flame in the unstudied words, that lets us into the secrets of a saint's heart. Had not other and more urgent duties claimed him, Bellarmine might well have ranked with the Bossuets and Bourdaloues of history. A little theme-book, in which he wrote some spiritual notes at this time, was found after his death, and its one cry is Robert Bellarmine's utter nothingness and the All-Sufficingness of God. St. Charles Borromeo begged the General as a great favour to let him have Father Robert as his special preacher in Milan. St. Philip Neri rallied St. Charles on the point. "Many people accuse you of being a thief," he wrote to him; "when you meet with a capable man you don't scruple to steal him."

And Paris was clamouring for the distinguished preacher too. But Father Bellarmine, quite unconscious of all the pleading voices, was lying dangerously ill at Louvain. Tired nature had come to the end of her long-stretched tether at last, and the doctors had given him only a few months more to live. When Father Mercurian, St. Francis Borgia's successor as General, heard the sad news, he gave orders for the immediate return of the sick man to Italy. The summons was his salvation. Robert Bellarmine was a great lover, and his native land was one of the things he loved the best. The Italian air, the blue Italian skies, the features and the scenes he knew so well—these were his best physicians. And soon he was in fighting trim again and ready and eager for the fray—this time in the front entrenchments. On his way back to Rome, Father Mercurian cautioned him to avoid Milan, where Santo Carlo was waiting to capture him and hold him prisoner! He got through the lines safely, and shortly after, in the year 1576, was appointed to the most difficult and taxing scholastic post in the world, the newly-founded Chair of Controversy at the Roman College, at the age of thirty-four. His record so far would be no mean life's accomplishment. But Robert Francis Bellarmine was only now beginning. So far his fame was local and circumscribed; after this date it belongs to history.

He worked at his gigantic task for eleven years, writing the notes for his lectures on the backs of old letters or on any little stray bits of paper he could find. His first vow, the Poverty of his patron St. Francis, was very dear to him. His audience was an elect one indeed, the *flores martyrum*, from England and Germany, whom St. Philip used to greet with such reverence in the streets. It began to be rumoured soon that a great scholar was lecturing in Rome, and under pressure from the Pope, Father Robert was compelled to prepare his notes for the press. When his four great volumes of *Disputationes de Controversiis Christianae Fidei adversus hujus temporis haereticos* were printed they marked an epoch in the history of theology and became the object of immediate and widespread attack. Gibbon, we are told, came to believe, in the course of time, that he *was* the Roman Empire. The Protestants decided at once that Robert Bellarmine was the Roman Catholic Church. His work ran through thirty editions in the space of twenty years, and for half a century after its publication every vin-

dication of the new creeds took the shape of an answer to it. The great Cambridge divine, Whittaker, wrote to Cecil: "Here at last we have the very marrow of Papistry," and Elizabeth founded chairs for its refutation at the two Universities. It was forbidden under pain of death to keep a copy of the work, but that only made men all the more eager to possess it. "I have made more money out of this Jesuit," said a London publisher, "than out of all our Doctors put together." The result was many conversions, the only success that at all appealed to Robert Bellarmine's apostolic heart. On the Continent, David Parée founded the *Collegium Antibellarminianum*, and Catholics were called indifferently by their heretical fellow-countrymen either Papists or Bellarminists. Indeed, so profound an impression did the *Controversies* make, that the sectaries refused to believe it could be the work of one man. Legion is the name of the devil that wrote it, they used to say. And they even attempted to solve the anagram on the title-page. Robertus stands for *robur*, which is strength; Bellarminus gives *bella* or wars; *arma*, weapons, and *minae*, threats; in a word, the whole paraphernalia of the Jesuit brigade. The last survivor of the great heresiarchs, Theodore Beza, said sadly before he died: "*Hic liber nos perdidit*"—This book has been the ruin of us all. Things go by contraries, and the testimony of St. Francis de Sales, also connected with Geneva, may next be given. "I have preached in the Chablais for five years," he wrote, "without other books than the Bible and the works of the great Bellarmine." Newman, too, in his last great effort as an Anglican, paid a long and generous tribute to the *Controversies*, and quoted in it the similar opinions of Mosheim. But the most convincing evidence of the abiding value and importance of the work may be gathered better perhaps from some other facts. They are these. The three most redoubtable foes who have ever assailed the Papal claims were de Dominis, Richer and Launoi.<sup>1</sup> In them was incarnated the struggle against the Primacy of the Bishop of Rome. All other enemies, open or unavowed, who directed their attacks against the prerogatives of the Holy See from the middle of the seventeenth century onward—Bossuet, Dupin, Febronius, Eybel, Doellinger—all borrowed their most telling arguments from the "Big Three" named above. Now these three scholars aimed

<sup>1</sup> Cf. J. Turmel, *Histoire de la Théologie Postive*, i., pp. ix.—x.

their blows almost exclusively at Bellarmine's work, knowing right well that here was the central and stoutest fortress of the Papacy. On the other side, the champions of the Pope found in the great armoury of the *Controversies* their surest weapons of defence. Nearly three hundred years after its first publication, Bishop Hefele, the great historian of the Councils, spoke of it as "the most complete defence of the Catholic Faith hitherto published."<sup>1</sup> And "the present day student," says a writer in the *Tablet*, February 12, 1921, "is more deeply beholden to Bellarmine than he is apt to imagine. For, after all, the great mass of the evidence and the arguments and the answers set forth in a modern manual may be found in the neglected pages of the old apologist."

But we must guard against exaggeration. Bellarmine was not in the strictest sense of the word a pioneer. Since the days when Luther first raised his rebel flag the Church had never lacked strenuous and gifted defenders. Such illustrious names as Eck, Cajetan, Canisius, Melchior Cano, Sanders, and Stapleton come immediately to the mind. But it must be admitted that the best of them are far off perfection. Their methods were not critical and their works were full of confusion and disorder, "a heap of stones rather than a building." Protestant controversy was becoming more scholarly every day, and needed to be met with weapons more finely tempered than its own. Besides, the busy priest of those dangerous and troubled times had no leisure for research among the multitude of isolated *livres de circonstance*, which the Catholic reaction had so far produced. He needed something more compact and accessible. And Bellarmine's great work, orderly, critical and complete, exactly met his need. The style of the book, too, gave it distinction. The polemics of those days were not exactly a school of chivalry. It was the hey-day of the gentle art of calling names, and there was no libel law to restrain the extravagances of a brutal pen. The letters of Scaliger and Scioppius are classic instances of the lengths to which even learned men could go. Scaliger wrote Bellarmine down as a colossal humbug and an atheist in disguise. Casaubon called him an infamous and confirmed liar.<sup>2</sup> But Bellarmine himself moved in

<sup>1</sup> Herder's *Kirchenlexikon*, *sub verb.*, Bellarmin.

<sup>2</sup> Our own day affords its own parallels. Thus, the Rev. J. H. Wrigley, Vicar of Clitheroe, in a letter to the *Clitheroe Times*, January 26, 1923, waxes wrathful against "the infamous maxim of the Jesuit Cardinal Bellarmine" to the effect that, if the Pope should prescribe vices, then the Church would be in

another atmosphere altogether. The native courtesy of his mind stole into his pages, and even that "sanctified bitterness" of which Milton speaks comes but very rarely and reluctantly from his pen. And he was the fairest of foes. His enemies confessed that they could not have worded their difficulties better themselves. We even find a learned priest (Penā) complaining to Paul V. that "all the heretics of the time make use against the Church and the Authority of the Vicar of Christ of the very words of Bellarmine's objections." The great controversialist had read all the works of the men on whose refutation he was engaged—Luther, Calvin, Zwinglius and the rest—our modern heads reel at the very thought of their endless and forbidding pages, and his citations from them are invariably fair and exact and always their most characteristic passages. His transparent honesty and loyal erudition are patent on every page of his great synthesis. So that Cardinal Laurea could say before the Commission appointed to consider the cause of Bellarmine's Beatification: "If the facts brought by witnesses do not win you to belief in his sanctity, then look at his works. . . . The 1,231 chapters in the volumes of his *Controversies* are so many arguments bearing testimony to his heroic Faith and Hope and Charity."

The *Controversies* are written in a plain and easy style not without its own elegance. The truth, he knew, was his best Rhetoric. And his method is as clear as the day. He first of all sets down the views of the heretics on the particular question he is treating. Then he brings forward the opinions of the Catholic theologians, and gives a short explanation of the teaching of the Church on the point. Next the arguments for the Catholic position are given, built on Scripture, the definition of Councils and Popes, the witness of the Fathers, the practice of the Church and the common agreement of theologians. Finally, he gives short answers to the various difficulties adduced. Speculation plays but a very secondary part in his scheme. "Theology is Theology," he used to say, "and not Metaphysics." He loved the plain, practical broad highways of discussion. He was once a patient listener at a very solemn debate on the Essence of God. "Better wait for Heaven," he remarked as he came

conscience bound to hold that vices are good (*De Pontif*, iv. 5). Bellarmine is here proving that the Pope cannot err in matters of morality, and Mr. Wrigley's citation is part of his *reductio ad absurdum*! See THE MONTH, May, 1908, for a full exposure of this old calumny.

away, "to find out the things we must always seek after in vain on earth."

Father Bellarmine never took a holiday. Even the vast labours which the course of *Controversies* entailed were not enough for this tireless workman of God. During the vacation of 1579, the period of his intensest activity, he undertook the revision of Father Salmeron's enormous *Commentary on the New Testament*. In 1580 he lent Cardinal Montalto, the future Sixtus V., valuable assistance in the preparation of his edition of the works of St. Ambrose, and was at the same time engaged with some other scholars on a new revision of the *Rituale*. He was also one of the commission appointed by Gregory XIII. to revise the Vulgate. Between the years 1584—1587 he wrote five polemical works in reply to occasional attacks upon the Holy See. And all the time, too, he heard confessions regularly and gave the domestic exhortations to his brethren. A man so beset with toil might well be pardoned a certain aloofness. But Father Bellarmine was the kindest and most approachable of men. He made hosts of friends. Indeed, to know him at all was to love him, and to love him was more than a liberal education. It was a divine disclosure of what a man could do when God completely possessed his heart. That was the whole secret of his achievements. He wrote in his old age a little book called *The Ascension of the Mind to God*. But all his life was just such an ascension, making time the faithful vassal of eternity, and the small bothers and big toils of every common day rungs of a new Jacob's ladder stretching from lecture-room and work-desk to Heaven.

JAMES BRODRICK.

(To be concluded.)



## IN A BELGIAN GARDEN

### AN INCIDENT IN THE LATE WAR

**Y**EARS ago, some periodical—I forget which—published a most poetic description of a country villa not far from Ypres, under the above title. Special emphasis was laid upon the beauties of the garden, its lawn and flower-beds, the trellis arches up which roses climbed, and so on. The sketch was completed by the picture of an elderly gentleman, the proprietor of this Belgian oasis, walking abroad in the garden, arm-in-arm with his charming daughter. This last part was, I fear, poetic licence, for the place was a suburban club to which, in pre-war days, the merchant-folk of Ypres were wont to resort in the evening; but the house and garden were facts—or had been—when I spent an afternoon there in February, 1916.

. . . . .

The battalion was out of the trenches at rest, in huts in a wood close to what was left of the village of Dickebusch. The regimental transport was billeted in a farm at Ouderdom, about a mile further back. This farm consisted of buildings laid out to form three sides of a square, the interior of which was occupied by the usual evil-smelling manure heap. The right wing was a barn, tenanted by the transport men. The centre part formed the farmhouse, and contained three rooms. The door opened into the kitchen, where the family lived and fed. The farmer and the boys work in the fields and are out most of the day. Madame divides her time between household duties and dispensing creature comforts, such as coffee and biscuits (*not* for the love of God), to Tommy Atkins. Madame never sleeps, I think—at least her tongue does not. Her voice rises before the sun, which goes down, if not upon her wrath at least upon her volubility, when she continues the discussion until midnight and the small hours. The kitchen opens into the room occupied by Transport Officer and the Chaplain. Two rough bedsteads, a round table of many uses—washing, dining, writing, and general depository—a chest of drawers whereon the Chaplain says Mass served by T.O., complete the furniture of the apartment. On the further side of this, a door leads to the family bed-chamber—the only access, so that

said family must needs pass through our room when they want to gain their own, unless, indeed, they choose to enter by the window, which I fancy they sometimes do. But they are considerate enough to give notice of their intention to pass through, lest they find the Chaplain without his Roman collar. The interior of this family bed-chamber, as seen from the window outside, suggests a rummage sale laid out by a hurricane, so untidy is it. In the left wing lives Quartermaster, in a barn, surrounded by his very miscellaneous stores; and next him is what has been a covered pigsty, but now shelters the Sergeant Drummer, who presides over the battalion post office. No very great luxury, perhaps, but all agree that it is something to be under a dry roof these days, and no one is disposed to complain.

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*"Dear Padre, Gunner Forsyth of our Brigade and an R.C. was killed last night and buried at Maple Copse. The C.O. would like the Burial Service read over him, so if you will come to I.16, a.69, a guide shall be provided to take you to the grave."* Thus runs a note from the Adjutant of a Brigade of the Divisional Artillery. The cryptic address is not a riddle, but merely the map reference by which all positions are described. Investigation shows that the spot indicated is much too close to the point where the Menin Road meets the Ypres-Roulers Railway to be altogether the place to spend a happy day. Fritz has the exact range of it, and Tommy has named it "Hell Fire Corner" in consequence. However, Gunner Forsyth is dead and must have Christian burial: that is the only thing that matters just at present. So, away to the nearest Field Ambulance to raise a motor-ambulance for 9.30 to-morrow.

Next morning sees the Chaplain and his orderly—who, by the way, only yesterday expressed a wish to see a field battery at work—on their way to Ypres. As things may be lively in the great square at any moment, and the Chaplain does not wish to repay the kindness of his friends by wrecking their ambulance, the pair descend in the outskirts of the town, gain the Ypres-Roulers Railway, and eventually the position given, which, of course, is occupied by a field battery. There they are kindly received by the officer in charge at the moment, a guide is provided, under whose direction Maple Copse is reached without adventure. Maple Copse was then

a sizable wood and, to-day, more peaceful than it usually is. The Last Rites of the Church are duly performed over the grave, and the return journey to the battery begun. The whole party must go there to return the guide, as it is the prudent rule of the Artillery never to allow a man off the main road unaccompanied, in case of accident.

They get to the last field before coming to the railway, when there is a whizz! succeeded by a bang!—a shell has burst about twenty yards in front, to be followed immediately by others. A retreat is made to the shelter of the nearest hedge. Quite useless this! One might as well take refuge behind a sheet of paper: but it gives a vague sense of security. A few minutes' observation shows that the shells come in lots of five, followed by an interval. Advantage is taken of one of these intervals to run across the field to the railway embankment. But Fritz has altered his direction, and is now at work on the railway itself and the further side of it. Nothing remains but to lie at full length up the slope. In these dispositions the Act of Contrition seems to have much to recommend it, and the Chaplain's is about the best he has made! Thereafter, in order to encourage his companions, who are taking matters perfectly coolly, he produces his pipe, which he proceeds to fill and light with minute attention to detail. Lying there on the cold, clammy bank, and puffing away without the least enjoyment, he suddenly bethinks himself of certain careful instructions of a spinster aunt: not to sit in a draught, never to get his feet wet; above all, not to sit on damp grass. These reflections are cut short by noticing that friend Fritz is lengthening out his range, and that each successive shell is bursting a trifle closer. He then remembers that a famous mathematician once proved that the odds are 27,692 to 1, or thereabouts, against two shells falling in the same hole. This is not quite borne out by present experience, but it is worth trying. So the three run forward and sit in the last shell-hole, trusting that the mathematician was sufficiently correct for all practical purposes. Very lucky they do so, for the next shell bursts just where they had been before.

And now there is a fresh arrival on the scene. The Medical Officer of the Brigade, accompanied by his orderly, has come across country to make his daily visit to the battery. "What may you three be doing there?" he asks. "Just halting to admire the scenery," is the reply. "Well, I'm going

on." "You'll not get across, Doc." "But I'm going to try." Exit M.O. A minute or two later he re-appears: "Too hot for me; I think I'll join you three and wait." So the five of them now line the embankment like crows on a rail. Half an hour later there is a decided lull, and all rise and do the remaining 300 yards through slush and mire in record time, and plunge into the battery breathless and wet through.

The reason of the lull is now apparent. "You've come to a very dangerous place, Sir," says the C.O., "they're on us now, and with the siege artillery too: but come in to lunch." Wherewith all repair to the mess-hut, and the meal proceeds with a decorum induced by the thought that a chance shell may clear away the table long before we are ready for it. After which the C.O.: "I know you R.C. padres like to see your men—I'll go and collect them, and you shall have the mess to yourself."

Meanwhile Fritz is surpassing himself and sending over Crumps (heavy shell) at a great rate. Luckily he is not quite certain of his range, and a good deal of his high explosive drops a little beyond us, while his Shrapnel bursts too high, but just overhead. Nevertheless, things great and small fall round about pretty frequently in the camp, but, as there is no direct hit and everyone keeps under cover, there are no casualties. The C.O. is seen dodging behind trees and making short rushes across the open, and in half an hour or so all the Catholics—some dozen or more—gain the mess-hut in the same manner. There is no sort of difficulty about confessions, for Father Crump has preached an excellent sermon; besides which, the Division is a Chaplain short, and the Artillery are dependent on casual visits of Infantry Chaplains, such as the present one. The Chaplain now establishes himself outside, on the sheltered side of the hut, and the first man appears. Rubrics are at a discount, but there is a war on just now. Chaplain: "Keep close in: *Dominus sit in corde tuo et*" (seizes penitent by the nape of the neck and forces him flat on the ground as a shell bursts in camp: both rise and continue). "How long since your last confession? . . ." Eventually: "Make an Act of Contrition and say three Hail Marys. *Misereatur tui* . . . Go in peace and—[a shower of dirt and stones comes over] down! down! hurt at all? Only a clod of earth: well, pray for me, keep close in as you go and tell the next man out to do the same."

Presently the odour of formalin rises upon the air—tear-shells are arriving. They say the Curé of Ars used to weep copiously when he heard confessions, but the Chaplain does far better than anything the Curé ever did! It grows intolerable at last, and the Chaplain has to call to his orderly, who sits placidly smoking in the kitchen hut, to throw him his gas spectacles. Confessions finished, the officers come in for tea. The Chaplain then learns that he is in the Belgian Garden. "The house—in ruins, with its roof on the floor"—is a little higher up: the garden a quagmire without a sign of lawns or flower-beds. Only the trellis arches—or such of them as Mr. Atkins has not removed to some other sphere of usefulness—remain to show where roses once climbed.

About six, there is some slackening in the firing: the officers say that Fritz has put about 280 shells over. It seems likely, but half the number, or less, would have sufficed amply. The question now arises as to the Chaplain getting back home: will he try the railway? He thinks not; it must be full of shell-holes and broken sleepers, besides which, things are still falling on it. The transport will be up with rations about 9; will he go back with them?—only they go at a walk. This proposition fails to commend itself: he has been along the Menin Road in the evening—in a motor, "full speed and chance it"—and knows what usually happens there. Then the Doctor says he is going back to his billet across country, and can put his Reverence on a main road. This seems the most practicable, and so Doctor, Chaplain and two orderlies set out. There is some firing still, but overhead, which does not prevent the party ducking whenever they hear the familiar whistle. However, they are soon out of the line of fire, and threading their way through the pitch dark. The Doctor says he knows the Salient, and he makes no exaggeration. He always hits a stream at the precise point where it is spanned by a plank, or finds a line of trench-boards leading over a bog. They reach Transport Farm without mishap, and Doc. goes home to billets somewhere behind Hill 60. The Chaplain and his man trudge down the road, making for the Café Belge on the Ypres-Dickebusch Road. Roads in these parts consist of a *pavé* of cobbles wide enough for a single vehicle, flanked on either side by a path, just now feet deep in mud. The only safe course is to stumble along the *pavé*, which they do, until the sound of approaching wheels is heard—ration-transport,

evidently. Stepping off the *pavé* is not to be undertaken lightly, so the Chaplain produces his torch to investigate. At sight of a light, the on-coming drivers loudly invoke blessings (or words to that effect) on the wayfarer, his heirs, executors and assigns. But these are only details, and something after 8 the Café Belge is reached. It used to be the only place where English beer was to be had: now it is bone-dry enough to satisfy Mr. Pussyfoot and his friends. But to-night there is something more welcome even than beer—a motor. The Chaplain accosts the chauffeur: "Going anywhere near Ouderdom?" "Yes, but I've got a General inside." "Just the man I can do business with!" At that moment a head appears at the window: "Who's that?" "A lost Chaplain and his man, Sir." "Jump in then!" So off we go, but have to travel miles out of our way, as the narrowness of the by-roads necessitates each being consecrated to a particular direction. The General is a chatty old boy in command of one of the New Army Brigades, and amiably describes himself as "an old dug-out." A Protestant, he appears an habitué of Farm Street Church, and talks affectionately of the late Father Gavin. Just after 9 o'clock, the couple are set down 100 yards from the farm—this funeral has taken all but twelve hours.

His room had never commended itself particularly to the Chaplain, but to-night it seems a perfect haven of repose and elegance after that wild field battery in the Belgian garden. The faithful orderly has supper ready in a twinkling, and, while serving it, gravely observes that he is quite satisfied with what he has seen of the divisional artillery. Transport Officer turns in later: he has been dining at Battalion H.Q. They have heard heavy firing from noon onwards, he says, and "the C.O. thinks that Fritz must have been straffing one or other of the field batteries." "Just so!" remarks the Chaplain, "the same idea occurred to me more than once this afternoon. Curious how great minds think alike!"

BERTRAM WOLFERSTAN.



## THE MEANING AND USE OF HYPNOSIS

**I**T is not necessary for the purposes of this paper to recount the chequered history of hypnotism, nor to describe all the strange and varied phenomena that appertain to it. Too much attention has been paid to what may be called the abnormal phases of hypnotism, and an unhealthy glamour of sensationalism surrounds what is nothing more than an instinctive reaction-state of mind and body. It will be sufficient to enumerate the most important characteristic features of normal hypnosis, with a view to discussing the meaning or interpretation of this state, and its uses in psycho-therapy.

It will be noticed that the features to be enumerated are psychological rather than physiological. The reason is that the physiology of hypnosis is still a mystery. Little or nothing is known of it. "The attempt to reconstruct hypnosis in physiological concepts," writes Claparède, "is perhaps to-day almost as chimerical as would be the attempt to reproduce the delicate traceries of the Louvre with the clumsy materials in a child's box of toys." Even if the view of the Salpêtrière school be correct, that hypnosis is a form of hysteria, artificially induced, we are still far from a knowledge of its physiology. Hysteria itself is now admitted to be principally, if not wholly, a disorder of mind, a psycho-neurosis, and the organic basis of this disease, if indeed there be any, is alike a mystery. To interpret hypnosis in terms of hysteria is to leave us still without any insight into its physiology. No doubt certain remarkable physiological results follow upon hypnotic suggestion, such, for instance, as blisters, erythemata, local anæsthesias, and the like, which point to a special activity of the autonomous nervous system during hypnosis, but of the physiology of the state itself no well-established theory exists, and recourse is blindly had to "disjunctions of nerve-synapses."

On the other hand, the psychological nature of hypnosis has been carefully and fully studied. Hundreds of investigators have vouched for the well-known phenomena, lethargy, catalepsy, somnambulism, amnesia, super-normal appreciation of time-duration, post-hypnotic fulfilment of suggestions received under hypnotism, etc., and the hypnoidal state has

become a veritable laboratory for fantastic experimentation. Much work has been done, both at Paris, under Charcot, in the Salpêtrière clinic, and at Nancy under Liébault, Bernheim, Beaunais and others. These two schools, while agreeing to a great extent as to the facts of hypnosis, part company as to the interpretation of the facts. The former school, as I have said, see in hypnosis a form of hysteria; the latter see in it enhanced suggestibility. A third school, taking a *via media*, and following a line of thought inspired by Biology proper, see in hypnosis a purely instinctive reaction-state of mind and body.

As a starting point for the exposition of the biological interpretation of hypnosis we must now consider some of its chief characteristics.

There are many methods of "inducing" hypnosis, but however much they may vary in detail, they all aim firstly at "immobilizing" the attention of the subject. Sometimes this is done by means of a bright light, moving or stationary; sometimes by passes, with or without contact; sometimes by slowly recurring rhythmic sounds; sometimes by staring fixedly into the subject's eyes. "All recognized methods of producing hypnosis are methods of holding the attention and so bringing about dissociation."<sup>1</sup> The end is always the same, though in a sense it is twofold; to hold "immobilized" the subject's attention; and to do so in a way that initiates or sets up a "rapport" or relationship between hypnotist and subject. When this is achieved a starting point is secured for ulterior suggestioning, which usually takes the form of awakening in the subject a feeling of drowsiness that deepens into a hypnoidal dreamy state, or into actual hypnotic sleep.

The first characteristic of hypnosis is *increased suggestibility*. The receptivity of the subject for the suggestions of the hypnotist is enhanced to such an extent that suggestions, even unwittingly given, are acted upon. Wingfield defines hypnosis as "a psychological condition in which suggestions are not only much more easily accepted but are also realized with an intensity much greater than is possible to the normal state."<sup>2</sup> Even if the hypnotist fails to induce sleep, and the subject remains in a conscious hypnoidal state, he is still deeply suggestible.

The second characteristic of hypnosis, closely allied to

<sup>1</sup> W. Brown, *Suggestion and Mental Analysis*, p. 93.

<sup>2</sup> *An Introduction to the Study of Hypnosis*, 2nd edition, 1920.

the former, is *heightened sensibility*, an enhanced sensitiveness to stimuli, not necessarily of all kinds, but at least of some kinds. "A hypnotized person," writes Dr. Rivers,<sup>1</sup> "may become aware of, and utilize indications given by organs of sense, which produce no effect whatever upon his consciousness in the normal state." Hyperæsthesia can be produced under hypnotic suggestion, to which the well-authenticated phenomena of dermatography testify. But apart from this, even in normal hypnosis, some of the special senses seem to be exceptionally sharpened, and a kind of exaltation of sense power is observable.

The third important characteristic of hypnosis is *dissociation and suppression of experience*. As in ordinary somnambulism or sleep-walking there is a marked amnesia. In a hypnotized subject part of the contents of his consciousness is split off or dissociated. Indeed, under suggestion, the subject can be made to forget or suppress large tracts of experience—and on the other hand, lost parts of experience or memory can be revived. This potentiality for reintegrating or synthetizing memory, and so curing amnesias, makes hypnosis an important adjunct of psycho-therapy.

Another common characteristic of hypnosis which merits to be taken into account is *mental inertia*, or loss of voluntary and intellectual initiative. The power to form mental associations or to make independent efforts, apart from suggestion, is inhibited. The mind apparently becomes a blank under hypnosis. It remains passive and inactive. "In Madame B. . . . at any rate," writes Claparède,<sup>2</sup> "the hypnotic state was characterized by a suspension of the function of initiative. The conclusion has been drawn by other observers. We have seen that several authors, Wundt in particular, characterize hypnosis by the suspension of voluntary activity." Beaunais tells how he often asked his hypnotized subjects what they were thinking about, and he invariably received the answer, "*Nothing!*" A kind of drowsy, passive, intellectual repose seems to prevail, which one would naturally expect in a state of deep suggestibility.

To sum up the foregoing features, we find that hypnosis, starting from immobilization of attention through the agency, and under the influence of a hypnotist, is characterized by *enhanced suggestibility, heightened sensibility, dissociation*

<sup>1</sup> *Instinct and the Unconscious*, p. 102.

<sup>2</sup> *Interprétation psychologique de l'hypnotisme*.

of experience, and mental inertia. We have now to consider how far these characteristics, when grouped together, can be brought into relation with instinct, and how they can be interpreted from the point of view of Biology.

As regards immobilization of attention, some simple experiments with animals show interesting results. It is well known that a hen can be thrown into a strange kind of cataleptic state *vis-à-vis* of a chalked line if its "attention" is forcibly drawn to the line by pulling its beak along it. A similar phenomenon is producible by stroking a frog on the back. It is even possible to produce a curious passive and obedient state in a cow while attracting and holding its attention by waving the hand rhythmically before its face. When an animal's attention is thus immobilized a kind of instinctive reaction of passivity results. This state is at most the beginning of animal suggestibility, and we have to turn to gregarious animal life to find something akin to true suggestibility. "Suggestion," writes Bernheim, "is the key to all the problems of hypnosis," and it is in that kind of common suggestibility which makes unity of action possible in a herd, that we are most likely to find help in interpreting hypnosis.

It has been noticed that all the units of a herd seem instinctively to know when and how to act in face of danger. They react in a way calculated to secure their individual as well as their common safety. Only a very extraordinary sensibility to faint sense stimuli, combined with something akin to suggestibility, could give them the power to act instantaneously, all in the same way, now by flight, now by aggressive tactics, now by "lying low" and remaining absolutely still. When the herd reacts in the last way, by immobility, were even one of the number to utter a cry or to stir, the whole herd would be betrayed. But thanks to their "suggestibility," working in accord with instinct, all adopt the same tactics, and herd life becomes a possibility.

A somewhat similar condition of collective or herd suggestibility is noticed at times among a disciplined group of men, an army unit, or a boat's crew, when confronted by sudden danger. If, for instance, a squall suddenly strikes a boat, at once the minds of all are focussed on the skipper. Attention is held, immobilized. The least sign or word of the skipper is obeyed instantaneously and *instinctively*. The men seem to know, before he issues an order, what it is to

be and how it is to be carried out. They become deeply suggestible. The sensibility of each is also so enhanced that he sees and hears, in spite of wind and rain, what he could not see or hear at other times. Further, each one forgets pains, aches, memories, feelings, and fears of all kinds. Seldom he even remembers to say a prayer. All experience, save the present content of consciousness, is dissociated and suppressed. Each member of the crew becomes the blind and suggestible agent of the skipper, and ventures nothing on his own initiative. He is mentally passive, awaiting orders or suggestions. While the crisis lasts they act, if well trained and disciplined, as though the skipper were a hypnotist and they the subjects. They are in a sense collectively hypnotized, and manifest all the characteristics that mark the hypnotic state. For the herd, or for the human group, in face of danger, instinctive normal reaction manifests a close resemblance to the hypnotic state.

It has frequently been pointed out that social or communal life would be impossible were we not suggestible. To walk a crowded street, or to drive through a traffic of motors, would be an impossibility were it not for a certain unconscious susceptibility to suggestion, in part perhaps telepathic, which aids us in avoiding an untold number of collisions. Instinctively we feel that this person or car is going this way, the other the other way, and without any misgivings, though at times our lives are at stake, we direct our movements accordingly. And when we reflect that the same kind of suggestibility which renders collective living possible, is at the basis of hypnosis, we find it hard to avoid inferring that there is a close connection, perhaps one of identity, between the two phenomena.

At first sight it may seem hard to connect a state produced artificially in a subject, by a hypnotist, perhaps in a back parlour, with the state awakened in a member of a herd or group of men in presence of danger. How can the former state be looked upon as a normal state of instinctive animal reaction? Well, the mechanism which in the case of the member of the herd functions as a deeply-rooted biological self-protective reaction, functions in the case of the hypnotized subject in an artificial way, but still instinctively.

We clench our fists and cry aloud in dreams when danger threatens, and we do so *instinctively*, even though the danger is only imaginary. A mere hallucination can awaken as real

emotional attitudes, and provoke as thorough-going physical reactions, as an actuality. That the hypnotic reaction-state can be produced artificially does not in the least militate against its being an instinctive mode of reaction; on the contrary, it should rather lead us to suspect it of being such.

The complex hypnotic state [writes Dr. Rivers<sup>1</sup>] has arisen through the influence of certain factors which became connected with the primary states of suppression and dissociation through gregarious needs, through the needs of animals when associated together in groups. These factors are heightened sensibility, as a means of reacting immediately to sensory indications, given by the other members of the group, and heightened suggestibility as a means of responding immediately to the more complex states existing in the minds of other members of the group.

In fine, hypnotism, if this theory be correct, means that wittingly and under artificial conditions there is aroused in a subject certain instinctive reaction processes, entailing suppression and dissociation, destined by nature for other biological ends.

It is now time to say something on the uses to which hypnotism has been put in recent years. The development of psycho-therapy has been swift of late, owing chiefly to the variety and number of "shell-shock" cases and nervous breakdowns during the great war.

Psycho-analysis, in one form or another, in conjunction with auto-suggestion and hypnotism, represents the most up-to-date method of dealing with all types of functional nerve disease. Neurologists of the type of Dr. W. H. B. Stoddart,<sup>2</sup> psychologists of the type of W. H. R. Rivers, William Brown, and a host of other mental specialists, have whole-heartedly accepted the new method. As a consequence, hypnotism has come more and more into vogue, and there are few nerve-specialists, if any, who do not use it to some extent—although many are satisfied with the results to be gained from producing a merely hypnoidal state without going on to induce deep hypnosis. In regions of pastoral medicine, where there is question of slavery to vice, hypnotism has been employed with success, and it is probable that before long its use in such directions will become more common. As a method of gaining an insight into problems of psychology it has certain uses, and not a few of the

<sup>1</sup> *Instinct and the Unconscious*, p. 107.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. the 1921 edition of *Mind and its Disorders*.



theories of modern psychology are based on hypnotic phenomena. The doctrine of the "unconscious" mind, which figures so largely in recent writings, is to no little extent the outcome of observations gleaned from the study of hypnosis.

It is not necessary to dwell here on the remarkable effects of suggestion. "An idea can become a disease," and many of our ailments are nothing else than creations of our imagination. The mind has so powerful an influence over the body that it can seriously upset its functioning, apart from any organic lesion. But, on the other hand, the mind can undo its own bad work and can re-establish health once more. This influence of the mind, working unconsciously, is called suggestion. It implies the realization in the body of an idea, a thought of healthfulness. And so suggestion has been called by F. W. H. Myers, "a successful appeal to the subliminal," and by Charles Baudouin, "the sub-conscious realization of an idea." Sometimes we are more suggestible, sometimes less so. The entrance of an idea into the sub-conscious, to use modern phraseology, is at times easy, and at times difficult. How can we be put in an optional condition for receiving healthful suggestions? That is the problem of psycho-therapy which hypnotism has solved, for under hypnotism the subject is more suggestible.

There is an important characteristic of hypnotic suggestibility which greatly enhances its importance as an agent of psycho-therapy. I refer to what is called "post-hypnotic suggestion." A hypnotized subject, when ordered to perform a certain act, say to stand on a chair, ten minutes after being aroused from hypnosis, will perform the act *at the correct moment*, although he has no watch to estimate time duration, and *no conscious recollection* of having received such an order. This is, of course, a very mysterious phenomenon. It has to do, first of all, with a sub-conscious appreciation of time duration, and secondly, with a remarkable dissociation of consciousness. On each of these points it may be well to say a few words, first as regards the measuring of time. Every kind of theory has been advanced in vain to explain it. Unconscious telepathy seems to be the least unlikely explanation. "In some cases<sup>1</sup> the subject had no normal means of learning the time of the day for considerable periods before and after the reception of the suggestion,

<sup>1</sup> W. McDougall, *Body and Mind*, p. 353.

and yet the accuracy of the result was not diminished. What then can be made of these cases? They are too numerous, too carefully studied and reported by competent observers, to be set aside as merely instances of mal-observation. The most commonplace hypothesis that seems adequate to account for them is one of sub-conscious telepathy." Somewhat akin to this phenomenon is the well-known instance of waking at a pre-determined time. The business man, who has to catch an early train, is often able to awaken at, say, four o'clock approximately, without the aid of an alarm-clock. This phenomenon of auto-suggestion also indicates a remarkable sub-conscious appreciation of time duration. Animals of all kinds show a kindred power. At precisely the exact time they come to the place where they are accustomed to get food, and they seem able instinctively to estimate the duration of time. Is there some secondary sense, analogous to appreciation of extension of surface (which is due to a combination of the sense of pressure and the sense of muscular tension) that helps us in this matter? Or is it due, as McDougall says, to sub-conscious telepathy?

The second point referred to in the phenomenon of post-hypnotic suggestion is the fact, due to a dissociation of memory, that the order is carried out although it is *not remembered consciously*. Dissociation of all kinds characterizes hypnosis. A subject, under hypnotism, if told that his left eye is blind, will no longer be able to see anything with that eye. What has happened in the meantime? How is the dissociation or circumscription effected?

The subject himself [writes McDougall<sup>1</sup>] knows nothing of the anatomy of his brain; and even if his brain could be so enlarged that all the members of the International Congress of Physiologists could walk about inside his nerve fibres and hold a conference in one of his "ganglion-cells," their united knowledge and the resources of all their laboratories would not suffice to enable them to effect such an operation as the isolation of the sensory centres of the left eye from those of the right eye, and from the rest of the brain.

No less wonderful is the dissociation of one memory from others. In animal life we find instinctive acts of "dissociation," sometimes of a violent physical kind, as when a starfish will shake or break off one of its arms that has got entangled, or when a tadpole will rid itself of its tail. And in

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* p. 352.

higher types of animal life, an apparent power of suppressing or dissociating painful impulses, a kind of auto-anæsthetizing a body region, was shown in Pawlow's experiments on dogs.

The therapeutic importance of post-hypnotic suggestion will be clear to all. If under hypnosis the subject has been made to use an hysterically paralyzed limb, and if it is suggested to him that he will use it freely and painlessly when he awakes, his cure will depend on this post-hypnotic effect. The same holds good for memories recovered under hypnosis. When it is suggested that the lost memories have been permanently won back, and that they will be present to consciousness when the subject awakes from sleep, the amnesia is cured.

The potency for good of hypnotic treatment, in the region of pastoral medicine, to which we have already referred, is a matter of the deepest import. This potency depends also on the post-hypnotic effects of suggestions given to the hypnotized subject.

We do find situations [writes W. Brown<sup>1</sup>] where the will is apparently powerless and the intellect useless, yet where suggestion at once succeeds in producing effects if the patient can but get into a half-waking, half-sleeping passive state of mind. Under these conditions calm and impressive suggestion does not stir up opposition. The ideas suggested tend to realize themselves, results are obtained, and subsequently—what is still more important—the patient finds he is able to use the method himself.

Sometimes, by suggestion, a loathing for the vice to which the subject is addicted can be aroused. Often this loathing lasts quite a considerable time and an opportunity is afforded the patient of pulling himself together and of acquiring a holier and nobler outlook on life.

Many moral states, closely bordering on psycho-neuroses, such, for instance, as scrupulosity, could be treated by hypnosis with some prospect of success. Religious melancholia and discouragement could likewise be dealt with in this way. And in the sphere of sexual abnormality and perversion, many doctors claim to have effected cures by hypnotic suggestion.

It is not necessary here to dwell upon the dangers, moral and physical, connected with hypnotism. Its potency for

<sup>1</sup> *Suggestion and Mental Analysis*, p. 106.

evil is as great as its potency for good, if not greater. On the one hand, evil or harmful suggestions have the same tendency towards realization as good suggestions, perhaps even greater. And on the other hand, unskilful treatment under hypnotism is likely to cause nerve trouble. But Catholics are forewarned in this matter by the Church's teaching, and hypnotism may only be made use of for serious reasons and at the hands of conscientious and trustworthy hypnotists.

There is, at the same time, less danger in hypnotism now than there was formerly, when as "animal magnetism" it was shrouded in mystery and often administered with superstitious rites, as in the days of Mesmer. To-day, hypnotists are better informed and better trained, and they have not usually a false or exaggerated idea of their powers. Many of the erroneous notions concerning hypnotic influence are dissipated. It is well known that normal men or women cannot be hypnotized against their will, nor can they, unless of a very hysterical temperament, be thrown into those deep weird phases of catalepsy about which so much has been written. There is less possibility of loss of will-power than was formerly supposed, and in some cases successful treatment results in an increase rather than in a lessening of will-power. Sometimes it becomes progressively more difficult, rather than more easy, to hypnotize the same subject, though the contrary is more usually the case. In fine, hypnotism is now widely and usefully employed, and at least in its lighter forms has proved so effective an adjunct to psycho-therapy that Catholics would show ignorance rather than piety by maintaining an attitude of suspicion or of hostility towards it.

E. BOYD BARRETT.

## WHY NOT "ROMAN CATHOLIC"?

### A POINT OF VIEW

JUDGING by the existence of a special pamphlet published for the Westminster Catholic Federation by the Catholic Truth Society, entitled "Why *Roman Catholic*?", and the tone of much of the correspondence appearing in the columns of *The Tablet* during the last few weeks, there would seem to be a quite bitter resentment against the secular-official denominational epithet of "Roman" accorded to Catholics in this country, inducing a sense of duty—quite mistaken in my humble opinion—to refuse to admit the description as accurate.

Noticing some of this correspondence in November last in *The Tablet* and, at the same time, certain letters on Papal Supremacy in *The Church Times*, I ventured to write and to state my opinion that it is more and more necessary for us, not only to be content with, but to insist upon, being known as and given our true title of Roman Catholics.

I based this contention on the grounds that we are to-day threatened with a Church of the combined Sects, shaping itself into Pan-Protestantism and claiming to "make visible the hitherto invisible" Catholic Church. Also that expressions like "the Christian Churches"—too often found in the Catholic as well as the secular press—encourage the idea that there can be more than one (numerically) Christian Church, and so tend to compromise the truth and indirectly to deny the unique character of the Roman Church as the Church which Christ founded.

I have since been told that such a world-wide religion of "Humanitarianism" is an impossibility, a chimæra of my own imagination, though I quoted a writer in *The Church Times*, who said:

But Christendom, especially Latin Christendom, cannot dispense with the Papal Supremacy till there is something to take its place. I think we should aim at providing that something, a world-wide Catholic communion governed by free synods and not by a single See.

God Himself, said my friend, would never allow an organization to succeed, or exist, bearing the notes of The

Church of Unity and Catholicity. But is not the Devil the ape of God? and may not the "strong delusion" sufficient "to deceive, if possible, even the elect," which we are told will appear before the end of the world, take some such shape, and for a time, appearing to have these notes, be "the lie" to be guarded against?

Another priest wrote me to point out that, to be sure:

English Bishops and the English Government in old Catholic days repeatedly declared themselves special members of the Holy Roman Church, but then the Roman Church in this sense means the local Church—Rome the See of Peter and *not* the Catholic Church throughout the world.

This is to imply that England in old Catholic days, because converted directly from Rome and being in that sense a special daughter of that See, did not also claim to belong to the Church universal whose centre is Rome. Surely this is not the fact.

I think the objections to my contention, which have been expressed to me, either verbally or in the correspondence which it provoked in reply, may be summarized thus:

1. You would surrender your birthright and title to the surname "Catholic" and leave it open to Anglicans and even any sort of non-Catholic Christian, who may choose to claim it.

2. Never will we accept a name like "Roman" given as a "nickname" with the intention of stigmatizing us as foreigners and "saddled upon us by the enemy."

3. The English bishops at the Vatican Council raised many objections to the title Holy Roman Catholic Church; and, thank God! the Council did not succeed in changing the ancient title of the early Creeds, "The One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church."

These objections give rise to the following considerations: Without any wish to advocate "Roman Catholic" as a better name than "Catholic" for ordinary use, for indeed we claim to be and speak of ourselves and our brethren as "Catholics" and maintain that no one but we have a right to the name, we should be none the less proud, I think, to be known as "Roman Catholics," and our Church as the "Roman Catholic" Church. We are Catholics as members of the one and only true Church established by Jesus Christ, but "Roman Catholics" because Rome is the Seat of the "Christ on



earth"—as St. Catherine of Siena always called the Pope—and we are his spiritual children and subjects of his ecclesiastical sovereignty. We are English Catholics (and similarly French, Irish, American, etc., Catholics) because we are Englishmen who are Roman Catholics, and more proud, I hope, of this than of our civil nationality; and, so far as this goes, we might consistently call ourselves English Roman Catholics, in the natural and supernatural orders of our citizenship respectively. But to meet the objections of those who would surely agree so far:

1. Far from surrendering the name of "Catholic" to others, it is, or seems to me, evident that, by calling themselves "Catholic," it is *they* who claim there may be Catholics who are not Roman Catholics, their claim to the title is historically much later than ours, and we can only counter their claim by insisting that no Catholic exists who is not a Roman Catholic—any other Christian being in heresy or schism, or both, and therefore not only not a Catholic, but in such a position precisely because separated from the faith and authority of Rome.

The Westminster Catholic Federation pamphlet admits that it is no new name, since it quotes Satyrus, brother of St. Ambrose, asking a bishop "whether he was in communion with the Catholic bishops, that is with the Roman Church" (*De Excessu Fratris* i. 47) and St. Gregory of Tours, "They call men of our religion Romans" and says the "extension of 'Roman' to the whole Church was itself only the revival of an earlier and more ancient usage."

Before the Reformation it was the English Catholics' loyalty to Rome, which in practice gave such generous Peter-pence to the Holy See of Rome, for Jesus' and Mary's sake, so conscious were they that their faith and communion with the one Catholic Church throughout the world had come to them from Rome and St. Peter.

Father Hornyold, S.J., in his C.T.S. pamphlet "The Church of England past and present," says: "Till recently no one ever heard of Catholics who were not Roman Catholics."

2. Granted that "Roman Catholic" can be called a nickname: was not even "Christian" a nickname given to those who, the Pagans understood, chose One they called "Christ" for their God? Later on, heresy and schism obliged the true Christian to be distinguished as a "Catholic Christian," and

those faithful to Rome were called "Catholics," and others, Protestants.

St. Augustine's rule—that the heretic dare not point out his own conventicle, when asked for the whereabouts of the Catholic Church—does not any longer hold good, as I have myself experienced : and since many Protestants declare themselves Catholics, resenting Protestant as a "negation," therefore, to-day, we must accept "Roman" as a nickname, if needs be, which alone determines the true Christian: since modern conditions and usage make "Catholic Christian" and "Catholic Church" oftentimes insufficient in their turn, in spite of their sufficiency in themselves, as "Christian" had originally been sufficient to identify the Church and disciples of the true religion: the believer as opposed to the infidel or pagan, the Children of the City of God as distinct from the children of this world.

3. To answer this objection, we must ask what did the Vatican Council do? According to the accounts given in the pamphlet "Why *Roman Catholic*?" and by Father Sheridan, S.J., in *The Tablet*, the Council determined to use the word "Roman" in the title of the first chapter of the *Constitutio dogmatica de fide Catholica*, and the original draft, presented to the Fathers, read: "The Holy Roman Catholic Church believes and teaches, etc., etc." This met with strong opposition from the English-speaking bishops on the grounds that "the more simply we can cling to the name 'The Holy Catholic Church' the clearer it will be to those who honestly seek the truth, that ours is the same Church as was founded by the Apostles" and that "the introduction of the word 'Roman' would lend colour to the error of many Protestants, especially Episcopalians in England, viz., that there are several Catholic Churches and not one."

The upshot of the consideration of the thirty-five attacks made on the proposed title, many, Father Sheridan tells us, "but repetitions," was that, to meet the susceptibilities of those who raised the above objections, the Council did *not* expunge the word "Roman" but shifted it to another position and finally promulgated the "Constitutio" with the first words reading "Sancta Catholica Apostolica Romana Ecclesia": which, I submit, proves that the Fathers of the Vatican Council felt that the day had come when the centre of Christendom and the name of the Jerusalem of the New Law must find a place in the Church's title and her children

acknowledge the name of not merely "Catholic," but "Roman Catholic"! This is borne out by the teaching of the late Cardinal Manning, of beloved and revered memory—himself one of the prominent Fathers of the Vatican Council—who in his work, written after those days, *The Fourfold Sovereignty of God*, expounding the sovereignty of God over Society, wrote as follows:

Though His Kingdom—as our Lord Himself said—is not of this world, it is nevertheless here as the sphere of its manifestation. The Kingdom of Jesus Christ, then, the Church and the Christian world, are here and visible: and they are not only here and visible, but they are local. [Mark the word local.] Under the Old Law, Jerusalem was the head of Israel, the centre from which the Law went forth; there was the sanctuary and the Priesthood; there too was the Temple, in which the High Priest ministered; and all this was typical. "For the law having a shadow of the good things to come, not the very image of the things" (Heb. x. 1). The substance came under the New Law, what, then, corresponds now to Jerusalem under the Old Law? It is the cant of controversy, it is the affectation of scepticism, for any man to shut his eyes and pretend that Christendom, which he admits to have a circumference, has no centre. It is the audacity of unbelief to say that the centre has been any other than Rome. . . . Rome is visibly and self evidently the head and centre of the Christian order. Rome is as surely the seat of the Sovereignty of God in the Church of all nations, as Jerusalem was in that of the Jews. The world has striven to cast Him out for eighteen centuries and has never been able to displace Him. If Rome has not been the Mother of all Churches of the East, assuredly it is the Mother of the Churches of the West. It is the Mother of the Christianity of Ireland, of England, of Germany, and so I might go on. It has been the Mother of the Churches of the West and the Foster Mother of the Churches of the World.

Thus to say "I am not a Roman Catholic" is to disown our Mother. Again:

It has ever been and ever must be the Teacher and Guide of Churches, the chief witness of the Incarnation, the chief Apostle of what our Lord taught, of what our Lord commanded; the Chief Judge of all controversies, the Chief Interpreter of the Faith, the Chief Doctor and Pastor of the Universal Church. So the Council of Florence declares, and so the Council of the Vatican the other day expounded with a voice which is infallible, in virtue of that same special promise of Divine assist-

ance made by the Son of God to Peter, and in him to all who shall sit in his seat for ever.

To say "I am not a Roman Catholic" is to disown her as the Divine Teacher. Again:

And for all these causes and reasons Rome is the capital of Christendom. It was never the capital of Italy. When Italy and Rome were one, Italy was united to Rome, and not Rome to Italy. . . . From East to West, the whole of Christendom claimed Rome as its head and as its home, and every nation throughout the world goes up to Rome, as the tribes of Israel went up to Jerusalem. God has so ordered it.

To say "I am not a Roman Catholic" is to deny all this.

There would seem, then, in the unwillingness to be content with our official name in this country and the wish to repudiate the use of the word "Roman," a yielding to the invidious and insidious meaning given to it by Anglicans, *i.e.*, that "Roman" is only a portion or one kind of Catholicism. There is also a want of the sense of the supernatural position held by Rome in the economy of Christ's Kingdom and His Sovereignty over Society—a suspicion of a kind of Gallicanism among our own people, which wishes to be *English* or *Irish* rather than *Roman* Catholic. The wise warnings of the great Cardinal only thirty years ago are widely forgotten or ignored by us, who ought to have profited by them and been kept alert by his holy admonitions:

You owe Him [the Vicar of Christ] [he says in the same work] fidelity and obedience of heart, mind and will; submission of intellect and of all your powers to the revealed law of God. You owe him a generous obedience. That which we call the spirit of a good Catholic means a generous love and generous fidelity, as to the Delegate of a Divine Master and a Divine King, who is our King by right and fact. Honour Him, then, love and obey Him.

It is not, very apparently, consistent with such loyalty to the Vicar of Christ to belittle the importance, or be blind to the force, of the name which includes the "centre," as well as the "circumference," of Christendom, and declares her the Mother of the whole family of Christian people. Does it not savour of the "cant of controversy and affectation of scepticism" and seem to be in direct opposition to the mind of the Vatican Council?

An instance of this want of discernment is found, I take it, in that same pamphlet of the Federation, where its author concludes by quoting from the first Encyclical of Pope Benedict XV., saying:

The words, of course, have no direct reference to the title under discussion, but the principle laid down may surely be applied.

The words are:

It is, moreover, our will that Catholics should abstain from certain appellations which have recently been brought into use to distinguish one group of Catholics from another. They are to be avoided not only as "profane novelties of words," out of harmony with both truth and justice, but also because they give rise to great trouble and confusion among Catholics.

How can the appellation "Roman"—dating from the earliest times—possibly come under the principle laid down here of avoidance of "profane novelties of words" and expressions dividing one group of Catholics from another?

Father Sheridan closes his contribution on the subject in *The Tablet* by quoting the Archbishop of Toronto (from the *Ave Maria*, February, 1916), who said:

So far as supreme Church authority goes in the matter, it is all on the side of those who reject the "Roman Catholic" as a name.

With the deepest respect to the Archbishop, I submit that supreme Church authority has never been even asked its opinion as to the propriety of Catholics using "Roman Catholic" as a name whether of the Church or of themselves, but Father Sheridan continues:

The historical résumé of the discussion would hardly justify the application of these words [*e.g.*, those of the Archbishop] in the absolute sense, but confined to countries with religious circumstances such as existed then, and continue to exist in England, they would seem to be a fair statement of the Council's considered judgment.

How they can represent the "considered judgment" of the Council, anywhen or anywhere, and, at the same time, be hardly justified by the historical account of the Council's deliberations, seems to me inexplicable.

A friend of mine, a convert, who for many years both held

and taught that it was possible to be a Catholic without being a Roman Catholic, complains to me that it is hard indeed after all the struggle and sacrifices to the very principle involved, he, having now submitted to Rome, is after all not a Roman Catholic, and is anxious to know what more he can do to become one!

Lastly a correspondent asks "Why all this difficulty? What does it matter? Everybody knows we are Catholics, and others not what they would fain be called."

I have tried to show that it matters, at least as much as any name matters. Since we are officially denominated "Roman Catholics" by the existing civil authority of this country we must either accept or repudiate the name. Can we repudiate it without its being justly suspected that we would be Catholics without Rome, were that possible?; and so submit to it with a bad grace and be thought to agree that "the Pope of Rome has no jurisdiction in this realm," and implicitly to deny that "Rome" has spiritual jurisdiction over the whole world. That God has so ordered it.

God has so ordered the organization, constitution, and authority of His Visible Church on Earth. He has made Rome the seat of the Vicar of His Incarnate Son; and from that seat or throne goes forth the supreme authority both of jurisdiction and of doctrine, whereby the purity and the liberty of the Church throughout the world are perpetually preserved.<sup>1</sup>

And will her children refuse or be ashamed to be called "Roman Catholics"? Surely no! However fiercely we contend that we alone have the right to the name Catholic, it is a simple fact that it does not to-day completely identify the Church of Christ, or ourselves as the only true Christians and Papists. The word "Roman" added, whenever appropriate, makes that clear, *e.g.*, in the profession of faith required of converts to the Roman obedience, even if already validly baptized.

The priest is admonished in the prayer "Ego Volo" by Pope Gregory XIII. to direct his intention in every Mass "pro felici statu Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ," which undoubtedly means the whole Church of the Roman obedience. So the Church of Christ is equally both Catholic and Roman, the Mother and Teacher of all Christian people.

FRANCIS C. G. BROWN.

<sup>1</sup> *Fourfold Sovereignty*. By Cardinal Manning.



## THE PROBLEM OF MATERIALIZATION

### III. "KATIE KING."

**I**N the paper which Sir William F. Barrett, F.R.S., read before the Society for Psychical Research in 1920, as a tribute to the memory of his friend Sir William Crookes, he made special reference to the materializations of the *soi-disant*, "Katie King," which Crookes had investigated in 1874, and vouched for as authentic. The attitude of the writer himself is an extremely cautious one:

One hesitates [says Sir William Barrett] to express any opinion on these apparently incredible phenomena. They are unique in the records of psychical research. No such startling demonstration, under stringent conditions, of what seemed to be a perfectly natural human form, yet able to appear and disappear, had ever been observed before. . . . Crookes, we must remember, was one of the most exact and accomplished experimental investigators the world has known, he was not suffering during his spiritualistic experiments from any mental failure, for he was concurrently conducting other scientific work of great value, work that has never been impugned. The hallucination theory, Lord Rayleigh and Count Solovovo have discredited.<sup>1</sup>

Still one carries away the impression that the writer is not satisfied, and I have learned from Sir William Barrett himself that such is in fact the case. On the other hand, M. Charles Richet, the famous Professor of Physiology in the Faculty of Medicine at Paris, despite his pronounced materialism, has made it clear in his recently published *Traité de Métapsychique* that he regards Crookes's experiences as decisive and that he accepts his statement of the facts without reserve.<sup>2</sup> To writers of the temper of Messrs. Edward Clodd, Joseph McCabe, I. L. Tuckett, etc., the whole story, of course, stands self-condemned as the very climax of absurdity, calling for no serious refutation.

But before we can go further, we need to have Sir William Crookes's allegations before us. His own account of

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, Vol. XXXI., pp. 26—27.

<sup>2</sup> Richet, *Métapsychique* (1922), pp. 630—633; and cf. pp. 588, 595 and 565.

the phenomena is somewhat too lengthy to reproduce in full, but I may quote Mr. Frank Podmore's summary, feeling that in this way no injustice will be done to the contentions of the sceptical argument. Mr. Podmore is not likely to put the case too strongly against himself.

Neglecting, then, all preliminary history, we learn that on Dec 9th, 1873, at one of the séances given by Miss Florrie Cook, who could not exactly be regarded as a paid medium,<sup>1</sup> a figure which came outside the cabinet within which the medium was believed to lie entranced was seized by one of the spectators. The form, purporting to be that of one "Katie King," struggled in his grasp, and, with the assistance of other spiritualists present, regained the cabinet. The assailant affirmed his conviction that the figure was that of the medium herself masquerading as "Katie King," but there was no conclusive proof of this, and a controversy followed which was carried on with considerable acrimony in the *Times* and in most of the spiritualistic journals of the period. Thereupon, as Mr. Podmore proceeds to relate,—

Mr. Crookes, as one who had tested and satisfied himself of the genuineness of the materializations exhibited in Miss Cook's presence, felt bound to intervene. In his first letter the only proof offered, beyond the assertion of his own conviction, of the independent existence of the spirit form was that, on one occasion, in the house of Mr. Luxmoore, when "Katie" was standing before him in the room, Mr. Crookes had distinctly heard, from behind the curtain, the sobbing and moaning habitually made by Miss Cook during such séances.<sup>2</sup>

The evidence, no doubt, left something to be desired, and in two later letters Mr. Crookes essayed to supply the deficiency. At a séance at his own house on March 12th, 1874, "Katie," robed in white, came to the opening of the curtain and summoned him to the assistance of her medium. Mr. Crookes followed "immediately"<sup>3</sup> and found Miss Cook, clad in her or-

<sup>1</sup> As may be ascertained from a letter to the *Times* for April 11, 1874, a Mr. Charles Blackburn, a Manchester gentleman of some wealth, had "made a little arrangement of compensation" with Miss Cook's family which secured her services for certain séances and relieved her of the need of taking fees from strangers.

<sup>2</sup> This sobbing and moaning of the medium in the cabinet while "Katie" was manifesting in the light, is attested by others, notably by Mr. C. Varley, F.R.S. See *The Spiritualist*, March 20, 1874, p. 135. On this occasion, a rigorous electrical test was applied, proving that the medium never moved from her place in the dark.—H.T.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Crookes states positively: "Not more than three seconds elapsed between my seeing the white-robed Katie standing before me and my raising Miss Cook on to the sofa from the position into which she had fallen."

inary black velvet dress, lying across the sofa. But "Katie" had vanished and he did not actually see the two forms together. Nor did he apparently ever succeed in seeing the *faces* of "Katie" and Miss Cook simultaneously in his own house. Later, however, he claims to have seen their forms together, in a good light. Miss Cook gave a series of sittings in May of this year (1874) at Mr. Crookes's house for the purpose of allowing "Katie" to be photographed. The sittings took place by electric light, and five cameras were at work simultaneously. Miss Cook would lie down on the floor behind a curtain with her face muffled in a shawl and "Katie," when ready, would appear in the full light in front of the curtain. Mr. Crookes adds: "I frequently drew the curtain on one side when Katie was standing near, and it was a common thing for the seven or eight of us in the laboratory to see Miss Cook and Katie at the same time under the full blaze of the electric light.<sup>1</sup> We did not on these occasions actually see the face of the medium, because of the shawl, but we saw her hands and feet; we saw her move uneasily under the influence of the intense light, and we heard her moan occasionally. I have one photograph of the two together, but Katie is seated in front of Miss Cook's head."<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Podmore goes on to object that even here full proof is wanting. "Apparently," he says, "all that Mr. Crookes and his fellow observers actually *saw*, besides the figure of 'Katie,' was a bundle of clothes on the floor, with a shawl at one end, a pair of boots at the other, and something like hands attached to it." Mr. Podmore's tone is such as to suggest that Mr. Crookes was not alive to the possibility, that the figure of the medium lying on the floor might have been a dummy. The insinuation, if it was so intended, was quite unwarranted. Not only has the critic ignored the statement, which he himself quotes, that "we saw her [the medium] move uneasily under the influence of the intense light," but he has also overlooked a letter of Mr. Crookes addressed at the time to Mr. H. Cholmondeley Pennell. Nearly *two months before* the publication of the description just quoted of the photographing of "Katie" in Mr. Crookes's laboratory, Mr. Pennell communicated to *The*

Seeing that Katie wore a white dress and was barefooted and that Miss Cook was dressed in black velvet with boots, this transformation seems to exceed the capacity of any quick change artist, and the audacity of the appeal for help was in any case astounding, if the manifestations were fraudulent.—H.T.

<sup>1</sup> This is confirmed by Mr. Dawson Rogers, who was present. See *Katie King, Histoire de ses Apparitions*, par "Un Adepte," p. 92.—H.T.

<sup>2</sup> Podmore, *Modern Spiritualism*, Vol. II., p. 152. The letters of Crookes here cited will be found in the *Spiritualist* for 1874, I., pp. 71, 157—158, 270—271.

*Spiritualist* (April 10, 1874, p. 179) a letter he had just received from Mr. Crookes to the following effect:

At the time of the occurrence [obviously the second séance described in his letter to the *Spiritualist*, printed on April 3rd] I felt its importance too much to neglect any test which I thought would be likely to add to its completeness. As I held one of Miss Cook's hands all the time and knelt by her, held the light close to her face, and *watched her breathing*,<sup>1</sup> I have abundant reason to know that I was not deceived by a lay figure or by a bundle of clothes. As regards the identity of Katie, I have the same positive conviction. Height, figure, features, complexion, dress and pleasant smile of recognition, were all the same as I have seen there dozens of times; and as I have repeatedly stood for many minutes within a few inches of her face, in a good light, Katie's appearance is to me as familiar as is that of Miss Cook herself.

Now, the point upon which I desire to insist is this, that even were we to suppose that Mr. Crookes was exaggerating his own alertness on the occasion referred to, the suggestion had evidently been made by Mr. Pennell or someone else that he had mistaken a bundle of clothes for the body of the medium. This possibility had therefore been pressed upon Crookes's notice at least as early as April 10th. But the photographing of "Katie" in the laboratory took place in May,<sup>2</sup> and it is, to my thinking, inconceivable, after the dummy suggestion had been thus publicly ventilated, that either Mr. Crookes and his assistants could have neglected to take precautions against so obvious a trick, or that Miss Cook herself could have had the audacity to persist in the imposture despite the imminent danger of detection.<sup>3</sup> In any case, Mr. Podmore's statement that Crookes and his fellow observers made no claim to have *seen* more than the form of the medium is in contradiction with the facts. At Hackney, Mr. Crookes asserts that he watched the medium's breathing; in his own house he declares that her figure "moved uneasily" in the glare of the electric light.

In the face of his own most explicit statements it cer-

<sup>1</sup> Italics mine.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Crookes explicitly says that the photographs were taken "in the week before Katie took her departure," when "she gave séances at my house almost nightly." The date of "Katie's" last appearance was May 21, 1874.

<sup>3</sup> The medium (a girl of 17) would have been less than human if she had abstained from reading the many communications devoted to herself in *The Spiritualist*, which a rival editor had nicknamed in derision, "Miss Florence Cook's Journal."

tainly cannot be maintained that Mr. Crookes reached his conclusions hastily. Writing to Mr. Serjeant Cox on April 14, 1874, he declared that he had had "between thirty and forty séances with Miss Cook before I felt justified in coming to a positive opinion."<sup>1</sup> Without disputing a considerable resemblance of feature between Katie King and her medium he also lays stress upon certain very positive differences. For example, he writes:

Katie's height varies; in my house I have seen her six inches taller than Miss Cook. Last night (at Hackney), with bare feet and not "tip-toeing," she was four and a half inches taller than Miss Cook. Katie's neck was bare last night; the skin was perfectly smooth both to touch and sight, while on Miss Cook's neck is a large blister, which under similar circumstances is distinctly visible and rough to the touch. Katie's ears are unpierced, whilst Miss Cook habitually wears earrings. Katie's complexion is very fair, while that of Miss Cook is very dark. Katie's fingers are much longer than Miss Cook's and her face is also larger. In manners and ways of expression there are also many decided differences.<sup>2</sup>

This letter was written on the 30th of March. Almost two months later, when Mr. Crookes had many times over seen Katie by the electric light in the course of his photographic experiments, he remarks:

I have the most absolute certainty that Miss Cook and Katie are two separate individuals so far as their bodies are concerned. Several little marks on Miss Cook's face are absent on Katie's. Miss Cook's hair is so dark a brown as almost to appear black, Katie's . . . is a rich golden auburn. One evening I timed Katie's pulse. It beat steadily at 75, whilst Miss Cook's pulse, a little time after, was going at its usual rate of 90.<sup>3</sup>

Mr. Crookes is speaking here of the observations made in his own laboratory, where, with five cameras at work simultaneously, he obtained altogether forty-four negatives of Katie, "some inferior, some indifferent and some excellent." He also remarks:

One of the most interesting of the pictures is one in which I am standing by the side of Katie; she has her bare feet upon a particular part of the floor. Afterwards I dressed Miss Cook

<sup>1</sup> *The Spiritualist*, June 19, 1874, p. 296.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* April 3, 1874, pp. 157—158.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* June 5, 1874, p. 271.

like Katie, placed her and myself in exactly the same position, and we were photographed by the same cameras, placed exactly as in the other experiment, and illuminated by the same light. When these two pictures are placed over each other, the two photographs of myself coincide exactly as regards stature, etc., but Katie is half a head taller than Miss Cook and looks a big woman in comparison with her. In the breadth of her face, in many of the pictures, she differs essentially in size from her medium, and the photographs show several other points of difference.<sup>1</sup>

In the critical examination which Mr. Podmore has made of such phenomena as those of Home and Miss Cook, it is unfortunate that he is apt to lay great stress upon occasional flaws in the main evidence, while ignoring almost completely the mass of subsidiary testimony which corroborates the facts in dispute. Sir William Crookes was undoubtedly the principal witness in the Katie King manifestations, but he was by no means the only one. The newspaper called *The Spiritualist*, for 1873 and 1874, contains many independent accounts of Miss Cook's séances contributed by those who were present. The writers, no doubt, were believers in the phenomena, but many of them were well-known men in good position, and there is no reason to doubt their sincerity. The facts which they attest are such as it required no scientific skill to observe. Any child could have observed them. Practically speaking, all the witnesses admit and lay stress upon the great resemblance of feature between Miss Cook and Katie King, although those who attended many séances also state that this resemblance varied in degree. It was sometimes much more noticeable than at others. On the other hand, there is hardly less unanimous testimony to the fact that Katie King was altogether a bigger woman than the medium. She was taller, her figure was fuller, her hands and feet were conspicuously larger and her face was broader. Nearly all the descriptions to which I refer were printed some time before Sir William Crookes had his unrivalled opportunity of comparing the two. As he tells us himself:

During the last six months Miss Cook has been a frequent visitor at my house, remaining sometimes a week at a time. She brings nothing with her but a little hand-bag, not locked. During the day she is constantly in the presence of Mrs. Crookes, myself,

<sup>1</sup> *The Spiritualist*, June 5, 1874, p. 271.



or some other member of my family, and, not sleeping by herself, there is absolutely no opportunity for any preparation even of a less elaborate character than would be required for enacting Katie King.<sup>1</sup>

On the other hand, in the photographic experiments, he and his assistants repeatedly studied Katie's features "in the full blaze of the electric light." When, therefore, Sir William asserts that "Katie is half a head taller than Miss Cook and looks a big woman in comparison with her," it is surely a very important corroboration to find that many months earlier other observers, who had good opportunities of comparing the two, expressed themselves with equal conviction in precisely the same sense. Take, for instance, Mr. G. R. Tapp, who contributes two long letters, one on March 1, 1873, the other on February 6, 1874.<sup>2</sup> Even if his evidence be discounted as that of a spiritualist and a friend of the Cook family, he certainly could not have known what Mr. Crookes was going to write a year and a half later. Yet his testimony on both occasions is in complete accord with the subsequent observations of the famous scientist. Mr. Tapp declares, in March, 1873, that Katie "seemed to be about five feet six inches in height or rather more," whereas the medium was about five feet. He adds: "Her shoulders and waist were broad and solid looking, in fact 'Katie' was rather stout."<sup>3</sup> In his letter of February, 1874, he repeats the statement that Miss Cook, who "is *petite* in figure," was much shorter and more slightly built than Katie. He notes that Katie's hair is "light brown," whereas the medium's is "very dark brown, almost black." Another observer who, like Mr. Tapp, had been present at an immense number of séances with Miss Cook, many of them being held in his own house, was Mr. J. C. Luxmoore, the head of a county family and an active magistrate for Devon. He writes, in March, 1873, that "Katie appeared to me to be quite two, if not three, inches taller than Miss Cook; her feet and hands were bare and much larger than Miss Cook's,"<sup>4</sup> and he mentions incidentally that "Miss Cook's figure happens to be very small." Again, Mr. B. Coleman, who attended a séance

<sup>1</sup> *The Spiritualist*, June 5, 1874, p. 270.

<sup>2</sup> Printed in *The Spiritualist* for these respective dates.

<sup>3</sup> There can have been no padding, for it was expressly ascertained on this and several other occasions that "Katie" wore only a single white garment without a corset or any under clothing.

<sup>4</sup> *The Spiritualist*, March 15, 1873, p. 133. He adds "she stamped her foot on the ground to show she was not on tip-toe."

at Mr. Luxmoore's house on November 18, 1873, writing in defence of the theory that the spirit form is the "double" of the medium, declares that Katie "presented the exact features of Miss Cook." He says, too, that "her conversation and her knowledge of persons are the same, and some of the expressions which I heard her utter were, in emphasis and words, exactly those of Miss Cook."<sup>1</sup> None the less, he admits that "her height, as I observed by the measurement on that evening, is a couple of inches taller";<sup>2</sup> moreover, he notes that her voice, though like the medium's, "is much lower in tone." It would be easy to multiply such testimonies, and I may mention that after a very careful examination of a long series of letters I have come across nothing which conflicts with Mr. Crookes's statements of much later date. One document of special interest is a description by Dr. George Sexton printed in the *Medium and Daybreak*<sup>3</sup> and referring to a séance which took place at Mr. Luxmoore's on November 25, 1873.

Dr. Sexton, who was a convert from materialism, reports that: "Katie showed her feet, which were perfectly naked, and stamped them on the floor to prove that she was not standing on tiptoe, this latter fact being a very important one, seeing that she was at least four inches taller than Miss Cook. Her figure and complexion were also totally unlike those of the medium." Similarly, Dr. Gully, the father of the late Lord Selby, so long Speaker of the House of Commons, protests against the supposition that Katie (who was "three inches taller," had "very much larger hands" and showed light hair while the medium's was black) could be identical with Miss Cook.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is commonly asserted by spiritualists, even by those who do not accept the theory of "doubles," that the materialized form in most cases reproduces the features of the medium. Assuming that materialization is possible at all, this is not unnatural. A child usually resembles one or both of its parents.

<sup>2</sup> *The Spiritual Magazine*, December, 1877, p. 557.

<sup>3</sup> For December 12, 1873, p. 587. The importance of this particular letter lies in the fact that it appeared in the *Medium*, which at this date was very hostile to *The Spiritualist* and distinctly adverse to Miss Cook.

<sup>4</sup> *The Spiritualist*, February 20, 1874, p. 95. With regard to the length of the hands, see also Mr. C. F. Varley, F.R.S., in *The Spiritualist*, March 20, 1874, p. 134; and concerning the figure generally, cf. Prince Wittgenstein in *The Spiritualist*, February 13, 1874, p. 83. Prince Wittgenstein, who was one of the aide-de-camps of the Emperor of Russia, in a longer letter addressed to the *Revue Spirite*, grows enthusiastic about Katie's chestnut hair (*cheveux châtains*), visible through her veil. He also says: "One might mistake her seen from a distance for Miss Cook . . . but Miss Cook, though pretty, is much smaller, and her hands are not as large as Katie's." *Katie King, Histoire de ses Apparitions*, Paris, 1879, pp. 51-52. This was written before any of Mr. Crookes' letters had appeared in print.

From all that has been said, two conclusions, I think, may be drawn without further discussion, first, that the "Katie King," who showed her bare arms and feet, walked about, conversed, sang, stamped her foot, was handled, embraced, had her pulse felt, and was successfully photographed, on two occasions in 1873, and some half dozen times by Mr. Crookes in 1874, was not a mere subjective hallucination of the mind. She had for the time being a real independent existence. Secondly, she was certainly not an automaton or any sort of lay figure. There remain, then, only four possibilities: first, that Katie was simply the medium herself masquerading; secondly, that she was an accomplice; thirdly, that her part was enacted sometimes by the medium and on other occasions by an accomplice; fourthly, that she was, as she purported to be, a materialized spirit form. I must confess that of these alternatives it is the last supposition which seems to me to be the least in conflict with the evidence available.

1) The hypothesis that the whole series of Katie King's appearances was a clever piece of masquerade carried out by Miss Florence Cook herself, is beset, in my judgment, by insuperable difficulties. I lay no stress upon the respectability of the Cook family or upon the youth and seeming innocence of the medium—she is said at the time to have been only seventeen—in these cases it often happens that *malitia supplet aetatem*. But the definite points of difference in height, complexion, hair, figure, hands, and other details, observed in strong light by Mr. Crookes, and corroborated by other witnesses (no one contradicting) who preceded him in time, cannot be waived aside. It is not as if we were dependent upon a brief glimpse obtained in a single sitting. In his first sésances with Miss Cook, Sir William himself tells us that he was unfavourably impressed and inclined to suspect imposture; he only reached conviction after 30 or 40 such experiments.<sup>1</sup> Moreover, it is impossible to ignore the strong evidence afforded by his photographs, though they have unfortunately never been published. Mr. J. H. Simpson, who had prints of twenty-two of them, declares that they prove that Miss Cook was several inches shorter than Katie, that her hair was both darker and shorter, her complexion darker and her hands

<sup>1</sup> *The Spiritualist*, June 19, 1874; but this letter itself was written on April 14th. He had many sésances after this.

smaller—all this being in exact agreement with what the early observers recorded.<sup>1</sup>

Then we have the tests and control which were employed. In very many of the sittings the medium was secured with tapes, drawn tight round the waist and round her wrists, these tapes being both sewn and sealed and the slack end being secured outside the cabinet. Although any considerable movement under the conditions given would seem to be impossible, and the seals and tapes were almost invariably found intact, I do not wish to build too much upon the security thus afforded against juggler's tricks. But the searching, which nearly always took place when at Mr. Luxmoore's house, was a different matter. The ladies who searched her declared that when she came into the cabinet she had nothing white about her. The cabinet was also examined, and there was nothing white there. Still Katie came forth and chatted freely for half an hour or an hour together in a good light, clad to her feet in a full white robe with a head veil and girdle. This was not gossamer or thin muslin, otherwise her whole form would have been visible through it and would have shown in the photographs. The visitors were sometimes allowed to handle the material. One declared it to be "like fine white canvas or bunting,"<sup>2</sup> another described it as "strong white calico."<sup>3</sup> Garments of this kind cannot be packed in a quill, or in the bones of a corset, or in the hollow heel of a boot.

But perhaps the greatest difficulty of all in the way of supposing that Miss Cook herself masqueraded as Katie is the completeness and suddenness of the disappearance of the latter. To appreciate the strength of this argument one ought to read patiently through the whole series of descriptions—to reproduce them, of course, is impossible here. In order to disappear, Katie would have had to get rid of every trace of her white garments, to put on her stockings and elastic-side boots, to attire herself in her former dress, to rearrange her hair—I say nothing about changing its colour—to replace the earrings in her ears, and to adjust the tapes round her wrists and round her waist without injuring the

<sup>1</sup> J. H. Simpson, *Twenty-two Photographs of the Katie King Series*, a pamphlet published in 1905. In one pair of these the two were successively photographed against a fixed measuring tape.

<sup>2</sup> *The Spiritualist*, 1873, p. 119.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 453.

seals.<sup>1</sup> The tapes and seals, it is true, were not used in Crookes's laboratory. But even without this complication I find it impossible to reconcile any hypothesis involving the identity of the medium and Katie with that scientist's plain statements; for example, with the following:

For some time past Katie has given me permission to do what I liked—to touch her, and to enter and to leave the cabinet almost whenever I pleased. I have *frequently* [I italicize the word] followed her into the cabinet, and have sometimes seen her and her medium together, but most generally I have found nobody but the entranced medium lying on the floor, Katie and her white robes having instantaneously disappeared.<sup>2</sup>

I have already called attention in a note to the fact that once, when the medium had slipped off the sofa on which she had been lying, Katie came out in her white dress to summon Mr. Crookes. He declares that not more than three seconds elapsed before he entered his library which served as a dark cabinet, found the medium in a dangerous position, and lifted her entranced and velvet-clad body on to the sofa again. What is more, he states that the white-robed Katie did not precede him into the library but "stepped aside to allow me to pass." A little later Katie came out again and invited him to bring his phosphorus lamp to look at the medium. Whereupon—"I closely followed her into the library, and by the light of my lamp saw Miss Cook lying on the sofa just as I had left her. I looked round for Katie, but she had disappeared." Can anyone conceivably maintain that the figure lying on the sofa which Mr. Crookes had lifted there a few minutes before was nothing but a dummy?

2) We seem then forced to the second hypothesis, that Katie King was not Miss Cook but a confederate who resembled her in feature. A year or two later, in the United States, during a long series of séances held under the mediumship of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes at the instance of Mr. R. Dale Owen, this kind of imposture undoubtedly did take place. A sliding panel had been constructed in the side of the cabinet, and when each séance began, a living girl

<sup>1</sup> With regard to the instantaneousness of Katie's disappearance, the evidence of Mr. B. Coleman (*Spir. Mag.*, 1873, p. 555), of Dr. Sexton (*Medium*, December 12, 1873), of Mr. W. Oxley (*Spiritualist*, November 14, 1873), Prince Wittgenstein (*Spiritualist*, February 13, 1874), and Dr. Gully (*Spiritualist*, February 20, 1874), is most important. The last named says that the interval between the disappearance of Katie and the finding of Miss Cook in her daily dress is "less than one minute, as I have frequently certified by counting."

<sup>2</sup> *The Spiritualist*, June 5, 1874, p. 270.

crept through the panel into the dark chamber. She personated "Katie King" successfully for several months until finally the trick was discovered. But the fundamental difference between the two cases was this, that the Holmes's séances took place on their own premises, whereas, in the instance of Miss Cook, many of the best and most successful sittings were held in Mr. Luxmoore's house or in Mr. Crookes's laboratory. By what conceivable arrangement could a confederate penetrate into either establishment just at the moment she was wanted, evading the careful search made of the room used as a cabinet? Moreover, even if she had succeeded in getting in, there remained the still more difficult problem of getting out again when the lights were turned up in the cabinet and Mr. Luxmoore or Mr. Crookes came to look after the medium as she recovered from her trance. Furthermore, the coincidence that the accomplice closely resembled the medium in feature would be an extraordinary one, and, finally, it appears to me certain that if Katie King and Florence Cook had really been two distinct individuals, Mr. Crookes would readily have been allowed to gratify his desire of seeing the faces of both together in a good light.<sup>1</sup> In the Holmes's séances the two mediums sat in full view outside the cabinet, and all present could look upon the supposed spirit form of Katie without ever losing sight of the mediums. It must also be remembered that the séances at Mr. Luxmoore's, and still more at Mr. Crookes's, were very exclusive. No one was admitted who was not personally known to the household.

3) It is plain from Mr. Podmore's insistence upon the resemblance between "Katie" and Miss Cook<sup>2</sup> (he had seen Mr. Crookes's photographs) that he believed the two to be one and the same person as long as séances were held in the laboratory. But it is equally clear that in regard to other séances held at Miss Cook's own home in Hackney, notably on March 29th and on the farewell appearance of May 21st, Mr. Podmore was convinced that the two forms were distinct, and that either Katie or the medium was personated by a confederate. I cannot see that this hypothesis helps us much, except that it gives the sceptic at opportunity of confusing the issues when pressed on any particular detail. All

<sup>1</sup> This he never succeeded in doing in his own house, and only once at Hackney, using, not gas-light, but a phosphorus lamp.

<sup>2</sup> *Modern Spiritualism*, II., p. 154.



the differences which Mr. Crookes noted in his own laboratory between Katie and Miss Cook still stand good. On March 29th and May 21st, at Hackney, if it was the *confederate* who personated Katie, then we have to suppose that for some two hours an entirely new Katie walked about in good gas light and conversed freely, without Mr. Crookes ever suspecting that it was quite a different Katie from the one he had seen and talked to and photographed and scrutinized closely, more than a score of times, either in his own laboratory or at Mr. Luxmoore's. On the other hand, if it was Miss Cook who again enacted Katie, while the confederate remained apparently entranced in the cabinet, then we are faced with a still more serious difficulty, for on both occasions Mr. Crookes, being in the cabinet with the two together, remained there until lights were brought and the medium recovered consciousness.<sup>1</sup> This means that, while he actually stood within a yard or two of them, Miss Cook must have divested herself of her white "Katie" dress, have put on another dress with boots and stockings, etc., and have lain down in the place of the confederate, who meanwhile left the room by some secret means of egress. On May 21st, the medium came out of her trance before Katie vanished, and Mr. Crookes records:

For several minutes the two were conversing with each other, till at last Miss Cook's tears prevented her speaking. Following Katie's instructions I then came forward to support Miss Cook, who was falling on the floor, sobbing hysterically. I looked round, but the white-robed Katie had gone. As soon as Miss Cook was sufficiently calmed, a light was procured and I led her out of the cabinet.

I quote this also to show that even in the darkness of the cabinet there was sufficient light for Mr. Crookes normally to be able to trace the whereabouts of the white dress. At any rate, he expected to be able to trace it.

4) There remains, therefore, nothing but what we may call the materialization hypothesis, and, as already stated, this seems to me, on the whole, to present the fewest difficulties. I should have liked to give some detailed account of the gradual development of Miss Cook's materialization

<sup>1</sup> See the letters in *The Spiritualist*, quoted above, or Crookes' book, *Researches in Spiritualism*, pp. 104—112. The physical obstacles in the way of a sudden disappearance are emphasized in Mr. C. Blackburn's letter in *The Spiritualist*, May 8, 1874, p. 225. He describes the cabinet at Hackney.

phenomena;<sup>1</sup> but it must suffice to quote a statement made by Dr. Gully, who had known her from the first.

That the power grows with use was curiously illustrated by the fact that, for some time, only a face was producible, with, occasionally, arms and hands; with no hair, and sometimes with no back to the skull at all—merely a mask, with movements, however, of eyes and mouth. Gradually the whole form appeared—after, perhaps, some five months of séances—once or twice a week. This, again, became more and more rapidly formed, and changed, in hair, dress and colour of face, as we desired.<sup>2</sup>

I can only say in conclusion that I am not forgetting that there were sundry suspicious incidents in Miss Cook's early career, and that in 1880, when she had become Mrs. Corner, an exposure of fraudulent practices took place from which her reputation never recovered. Moreover, at an earlier date, *i.e.*, in 1873 and 1874, she was rather compromisingly associated with two very unsatisfactory mediums, Mrs. Bassett and Miss Showers.<sup>3</sup> Still, as has been previously said, this is no conclusive proof that other phenomena were not genuine. Sir William Crookes, in particular, never varied in his belief of the reality of the phenomena he had observed. As late as 1916 he authorized the editor of *Light* to make it known that he "adhered to his published statements and had nothing to retract."

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> There are also sundry incidents recorded of Miss Cook's career which directly favour the materialization hypothesis. I have not enlarged upon them here, partly for lack of room, partly because they are isolated phenomena which seem to need further corroborative testimony before they can be accepted with any confidence. But Mr. G. Tapp declared that once when, by accident, he violently clutched Katie's arm, "her wrist crumpled in my grasp like a piece of paper, or thin cardboard, my fingers meeting through it." Similarly when Katie was photographed by Mr. Harrison in 1873, Katie soon after the magnesium flash "requested us to look at her, when she appeared to have lost all her body. She seemed to be resting on nothing but her neck." See *The Spiritualist*, May 15, 1873, p. 203. On the same occasion "a masculine right arm, bare to the shoulder," was thrust out of the cabinet when Katie was in full view. Again several witnesses declare that, shortly before her final disappearance, Katie cut many pieces out of her white robe and distributed them as souvenirs. Then, before the eyes of all, "she gave it one flap, and it was instantly as perfect as at first" (!) *The Spiritualist*, May 29, 1874, pp. 258-259. Cf. Mr. Coleman's important article, *ibid.* p. 235.

<sup>2</sup> Letter of J. M. Gully, M.D., dated July 20, 1874, printed in E. Sargent, *Proof Palpable of Immortality*, Boston, 1875, p. 54. Cf. *The Spiritual Magazine*, November, 1872, p. 516, and *The Spiritualist*, May 1, 1874, pp. 205-208.

<sup>3</sup> See *The Spiritualist* for April 1, 1873, p. 152, and May 15, 1874, p. 230. The exposure of Mrs. Bassett is recorded in *The Medium* for April 11 and April 18, 1873, pp. 174 and 182; that of Miss Showers in *The Medium* for May 8 and 22, 1874, pp. 294 and 326.

## “PSYCHIC PHENOMENA”

**I**T was twenty minutes past nine in the morning and the spring sunshine pervaded the whole place. At least, if it had been possible to overlook the “hospital smell,” it would have pervaded the whole place, but that powerful combination of disinfectant and iodoform can never be overlooked. It permeates one's very being. The hospital ward, with its highly-polished floor, its table of flowers in the centre, its rows of orderly beds, with the sunshine streaming in through the long windows, was a very pleasant place to look at, despite the smell of iodoform, and yet there was something more that spoilt the pleasantness of the place. An illusive, mysterious, immaterial something connected with those suffering human beings in the white beds made itself felt. Could it be Pain? Or was it merely suggested by the iodoform smell?

Neither smell nor atmosphere, however, penetrated to Ellen Josephine, lying straight and still in the corner bed with the screens round it. She was already beyond and wandering in that dim borderland which precedes Death. Not that Ellen Josephine would have bothered about the smell even had she been sensible of it. She had smelt so many terrible smells in the course of her eleven years that it really wouldn't have made any difference. The nurse stood looking down at this pitiful child with the old, old face and head swathed in bandages. She was a modern young woman and very “sensible,” as the Matron said, and accordingly felt that, if the operation was not successful—as it hardly could be with Ellen Josephine in this condition—it would perhaps be all for the best. But still, a lump would rise in her throat and her eyes felt hot with unshed tears. Quite unknown to herself this very modern young woman had the accomplishment of loving—a very rare accomplishment and rapidly going out of date! It was so unprofessional of her, and she despised herself so when she got emotional, which was seldom. She was going on holiday in a week, however, and this was her last operation and her nerves must not give way. In ten minutes the doctor would arrive and the patient must be ready! In businesslike fashion, therefore, she pre-

pared the unconscious form before her, but she could not unclench one of the wasted little hands which was clasping something very tightly. At last she managed, and out rolled a very tiny image of what she knew to be the "Blessed Virgin." They had taken medals and rosary from Ellen Josephine's bed and they knew she was a Catholic. She stooped to pick it up and put it in the locker beside the bed, but instead of doing so, she took it in her hand and looked at the tiny figure with outstretched hands, and then at the swathed head of Ellen Josephine. Then she did a very unprofessional thing. She hastily put the little image back into the wasted hand and placed the unconscious fingers over it, and repeated the words, softly, that were printed on the base of the statue—

"Pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death."

At half-past ten the sun still streamed in through the long windows on the unconscious form of Ellen Josephine, but the operation on her bandaged head was over now, and she was beginning, evidently, to struggle back to the consciousness of the painfully unpoetical facts of existence. "A beautiful case!" said the surgeon.

"Yes," said the house-doctor, "but she'll not pull through."

"Hardly," said the surgeon, "and really you know—I. What did you say was tabulated about her?"

"Mother died—alcoholic dementia. Father—unknown," replied the house-doctor.

"H-m-m," said the surgeon, stroking his square chin. "She's coming round!"

Ellen Josephine's eyes slowly opened, her wasted hands stretched out, to be firmly grasped by the nurse, and as they bent to listen the parched lips parted, and Ellen Josephine said: "Pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death."

Being, according to the wonderful new theories of Eugenics, a physical and mental degenerate, she really ought to have died, but she didn't. She recovered, and her wound healed miraculously. The house-doctor couldn't understand it. She was all but dead when she was brought to hospital, and they performed the radical operation because it was the thing to do, not because there was the faintest hope of recovery! How had she managed it? She certainly had no reserves of strength, having the frailest of bodies and

quite evidently the weakest of constitutions, which years of under-feeding and bad air had certainly not helped. And here she was! He stood there pondering at the foot of her bed as she lay looking at him with her calm eyes, and as the nurse came up he slowly walked away, with his hands deep in his pockets, still pondering. "I've brought you a present," said the nurse. The calm, patient eyes grew eager, but Ellen Josephine was slow of speech.

"It's a picture-book. Look at it, dear, full of pictures of little girls and dolls and houses. Isn't it nice?"

The thin hands took the book and propped it up against the clothes, but no words came.

"It's because I'm going away," said the nurse, "but I want you to remember me, Ellen Josephine; will you?"

The calm eyes looked at her, but the eagerness had gone, and the shadow of pain returned.

"For ever?" said Ellen Josephine.

"No, no, dear, just for a holiday; but perhaps you'll have gone home when I come back." There was a silence for a minute or two; then the frail hand went underneath the pillow and drew out the tiny image of the Mother of God.

"Could I give *you* a present?" said the child.

"Certainly, dear, if you like. I should love a present."

"Then, here," said Ellen Josephine, as she slipped the image into her hands. "And I'll say a Hail Mary for you."

And the modern young woman with the gift of loving stooped down and kissed the little old face of the child before she went away.

## II.

The Institute lay among the beautiful trees and surrounded by the Southron Hills, but it didn't look like an Institute. Of course, it really shouldn't have been called that, for it was an Asylum for the Insane, or rather a Mental Hospital. It was composed of a series of villas, each enclosed in its own garden or lawn, and quite apart from the others. So that to have called it an Institution is to have given a perfectly wrong impression, for that dreadful name conjures up a dreary building, as bad as a prison, with endless windows and bare gloomy rooms and lengthy corridors and merciless officials and, above all, the "Institution" smell, which cannot be described. But this beautiful smiling colony

had none of these marks. The chief smell was that of the summer roses, which grew in profusion everywhere, on the lawns, round the windows, and even in pots in the rooms. The doctor and the matron, too, were anything but merciless. The modern girl, our friend the nurse, whom they were conducting round the place, was impressed by the zeal and enthusiasm and charity that was shown by them, and the great interest they took in the welfare of their patients.

"This is the laundry," said the Matron as they entered, and most of the inmates stopped working to look at the visitor. One poor soul came over and touched the pretty dress she was wearing, and as she walked round, the gift of loving that she possessed, unknown to herself, showed itself in many ways, and seemed to penetrate even to those shadowed minds, for they were evidently pleased.

The doctor said to the Matron as they passed out: "I think we could show her the whole place?" And the Matron, turning to survey the visitor, nodded her head in silence. As they passed up the beech-lined walk to the next villa, a little wrinkled, old-fashioned lady came out of the shadow of the trees.

"Good afternoon, doctor," she said.

"Oh, good afternoon," he said, "how are you to-day?"

"So well, so well," she chirped, "and I've got such a surprise for you."

"What is it?" said the doctor.

"Now," she said, coquettishly, "wouldn't you like to know? But I shan't tell, I shan't tell."

"Oh, do tell him," said the Matron.

The little old lady playfully stood on tip-toe and whispered in his ear, "I'm going to sing for you this evening!" and then tripped away among the trees. They looked thoughtfully after her, and the modern girl said, "A patient?"

"A patient," said the doctor.

A girl dressed in a white frock was sitting at the open French window as they stepped into the long, cool room, gazing into space with wide open blue eyes. They passed before her, but she did not see them.

"She always sits like that," said the Matron; "she never moves, she never speaks, she just sits and stares."

"D—n those books," said the doctor, viciously. "She took to reading that spiritualistic trash and look at her!"



Never look at spiritualistic books, don't open them. I would burn every one if I could."

And the modern girl stooped and touched the fair, soft hair of the victim of spiritualistic reading, but she got no response.

They went through most of the grounds, and houses, and saw patients of all descriptions, and to most of those they spoke; and some of these afflicted people seemed hardly to be mentally afflicted at all. Sometimes the girl marvelled at the infinitesimal margin, if there is a margin at all, between sanity and insanity. She even began to wonder if it didn't all depend on the point of view, and if perhaps *she* didn't appear slightly "queer" to other people with a different outlook from hers. She thought a great many things that afternoon, but never did she feel fear, or horror, or any diminution of her unknown gift of loving. They were her fellow-creatures, afflicted with a mysterious malady, and she felt infinitely tender and compassionate towards them all, any many times, in her walks through the wards and grounds, she echoed in her heart the words at the base of the statue Ellen Josephine had given her—

- "Pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death."

"We have in here," said the doctor, "two mentally deficient boys. Care to see them?"

"You're not tired?" interposed the Matron.

"Not a bit," she said, "and I do care to see them."

They opened the little wicket gate and passed up the narrow path to the veranda.

A man dressed in the clothing of a minister, indescribably dirty, unshaven, with traces of food about his clothes and hands, rose and came towards them. She did not notice the physician and the Matron draw closer towards her, but she felt her serenity, her compassion, vanish as if by magic as she drew nearer. She felt stifled and oppressed—there must be thunder somewhere! She could no longer advance; she was filled with unreasoning dread and terror, and as she met his evil, malignant eyes, his loathful, wicked mouth, and saw his dirty hand, covered with hair, stretched out towards her, her whole physical self seemed to shrink within her. She swayed and cowered where she stood, overcome by an unknown, indescribable terror and sick horror and loathing.

A few minutes afterwards, as she stood against the wall outside with the physician and Matron, she had recovered

herself sufficiently to say breathlessly, with her hand to her aching forehead,

"Who was he?"

"A patient,—a minister from Ireland," said the Matron.

"A shocking case of degeneracy," said the doctor. "A friend of mine in Paris has a similar case, but he calls it 'Possession by the Devil.'"

### III.

Her holiday was over and she was back again in the wards at the hospital. The Matron told her she was looking stronger, "more like herself," but the nurse had never felt in all her life more "unlike herself." The wards were just the same, though most of the patients were new, and Ellen Josephine had gone. It was she who had changed. She looked at things with different eyes. She was no longer the materialistic professional, keen on her job and eager to do it skilfully and well. At least she was all that, but she was more now. Ellen Josephine's case had made her think and realize that there was a "world intangible" other than this. Ellen Josephine's faith had reached out and touched her too. Was it because of her loving heart? Who can tell? Then came her holiday, and her unpremeditated visit to the Warriston Institute, and that dreadful male patient! Horrified, terrified, sick, stupefied for the moment as she had been, even as her senses reeled, she had been convinced more assuredly than ever of that "world intangible" at which men laugh, and from her white, trembling lips had come the same words as had issued from the suffering ones of Ellen Josephine—

"Pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death."

She had been told to buy the newest book on Psycho-Analysis. It would explain her thoughts, which really were as old as the hills! Everybody had some psycho-phenomenal incidents in their lives! But she was not satisfied and she never bought the book.

She was waiting in the vestibule for her young brother, who had promised to "pay a call" with her to meet a totally new and interesting girl. Yes, here he was!

"Now, look here, Sis," he said as they arrived, and after having rung, waited for the door to be opened, "I want a cheerful afternoon. Please, if you love me, don't mention

insanity, or epilepsy, or idiocy, or alcoholism, or any of your favourite topics."

She laughed. He looked so serious.

"All right, Reggie," she said, as they were ushered in, "I promise."

It was such a cheerful room, and the bright flames leaping in the fire at one end made the twilight more pronounced and the bright silver and dainty china more beautiful. The hostess took them over to the "new and interesting" girl, and they both promptly, and in their different ways, fell in love with her.

Tall and graceful, dressed with elegance and care, she would have caused excitement anywhere, for she had that really rare quality, "charm." Her black hair was dressed straight back from her forehead and her grey eyes were sparkling with interest in everything and everybody, and her little white teeth were always flashing in a happy smile. She radiated cheerfulness and good spirits. She had travelled all over the wide world nearly and had lately come from Palestine, and she told stories of the Bedouins, which alternately made people shiver and then wish they were Bedouins too.

Reggie became her slave and supplied her with cake and tea assiduously. She was perfectly charming to him, but he wasn't used to making so little headway, for she was just as charming to everybody else. But Reggie, when he wanted a thing, usually got it, so he "stuck like glue," as he himself said.

But the "new and interesting" girl did not seem to be tremendously interested in him, and he always found himself landed back in the general conversation. Who wanted to talk about the Greek Church anyway?

"And did you really see the Holy Fire?"

"Well, the Greeks thought it was Holy Fire and we saw it on Holy Saturday."

"It is made by the Greek priests, isn't it?"

"Yes, every Holy Saturday, and some people come all the way from Russia to light their lamps at the Sacred Fire, and they intended going back to Russia without letting it get extinguished.

"How superstitious and ignorant!" said a very advanced lady. "And tell me, did you go about in those funny little carriages?"

"Most of the time, but we walked all the way to Emmaus. We got out and walked all the way that our Lord walked with the two disciples after the Resurrection, and then we knelt down on the spot where they suddenly recognized Him at the breaking of 'The Bread.'"

The words were spoken in a perfectly natural way, but the advanced lady put up her tortoise-shell rimmed pince-nez and stared at the graceful girl in the beautiful clothes who had spoken them, and our nurse felt more vividly than ever that "world intangible." She must get to know this girl and talk to her; but how? She was rich, she was talented, she was beautiful, and, alas! she must have heaps of other friends! Besides, she must go.

Reggie was plainly disgusted. He wasn't getting on, so he rose with his sister and they said "Good-bye" to the new and interesting girl, who was obviously sorry they were going. As she accompanied them across the room, she put her arm round our nurse's shoulder, and the girl, with the gift of loving, turned to her impulsively and said: "Will you be my friend and let me see you sometimes?"

The slow, charming smile, showing the little white teeth, appeared, and "I am, I will always be your friend," said the girl who had travelled everywhere. As they got to the door their hostess said: "I am distracted at the thought of Dora going away! Her people are breaking their hearts."

"Going away!" said Reggie, desolately, "where to?"

"Marseilles! She is going to be a Carmelite nun."

"A Carmelite nun!" echoed the nurse with the gift of loving.

"Ye gods of Greece!" said Reggie, as he crammed his hat on his head.

#### IV.

It was a dreadful morning. The rain was coming down in torrents and the streets were miniature rivers and every drain-pipe seemed to be "in spate." All the people under the dripping umbrellas seemed bent on getting to their respective destinations as expeditiously as possible, and the expressions on most of the faces were anything but pleasant. But there was one pale face under a dripping umbrella, whose owner seemed to be thinking of something else besides the climate. The pale face belonged to our modern

nurse, and it was her "off" morning, and she was making her way through the wet and crowded streets as if she were the only pedestrian. At last she reached a large and gloomy church, made gloomier-looking than ever by the darkness of the day. But there was no gloominess in her mind as she entered. Neither did the dark interior of the church lend any of its apparent gloom to her. The candles were lit on the distant altar and Mass was just going to begin. She knelt down and the priest came out and began Mass. All through she knelt, straight and upright, with her eyes fixed on the altar, and as the Mass proceeded she felt that "world intangible," which to her of late had been so near, growing ever nearer, and she began to wait expectantly for the "light" she knew would break to come. The people rose at the Gospel, and she rose with them. They knelt, and she too knelt, and kept her gaze fixed on the altar. The priest came to the Elevation, when all the Court of Heaven comes down to this poor earth, and as the bell rang and the Lord of Heaven came, the "light" broke upon her, and she, too, recognized Him at the breaking of "The Bread."

After Mass, a girl with a pale face under her dripping umbrella looked up at the brass plate with "St. Michael's Presbytery" on it and pulled the bell underneath. As the door opened, and she stepped into the bare, shabby hall, she said—

"Pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death."

J. L. GORDON.

## A CHAPTER IN A GREAT CATHOLIC ENTERPRISE

**A**BOUT a year ago the Catholic Truth Society, in pursuance of the aims of its vigorous Forward Movement, assumed on terms the trust of the well-known Bexhill Library from its founder, whilst confirming him in his post of Librarian and employing, in addition to the services given freely by himself and his family at Bexhill, those of his paid staff. Thus the great apostolic work, of which we are going to say a few words, continued without a break. Now, however, as the Library is being brought to London and housed in the C.T.S. offices in Victoria Street, the first chapter in its history may be regarded as closed, and a suitable occasion is thus provided for an estimate of its achievements and prospects. From time to time in the pages of *THE MONTH* attention has been called to its growth and its value: it is time, now, to take stock of the enterprise as a whole and to consider its bearing on that work of spreading the Faith in which every Catholic in virtue of that divine gift is bound in conscience to co-operate.

It was a sound Catholic instinct that moved its founder to inaugurate his Apostolate of Literature. The ability to read is universal, the habit of reading is growing, the output of reading-matter is enormous, its quality is frequently bad. In every country the public mind, as inspired by and reflected in the Press, has drifted to a large extent from the guidance of Christianity. Religious truth, the lodestar of man's pilgrimage, is nowhere taught with certainty beyond the range of the Church's influence: on the contrary, these are days of an unabashed propaganda of non-Catholic, anti-Catholic, immoral and unmoral principles, born of brains exalted above God's mysteries and of wills that scorn God's discipline; when abnormalities of thought and impulse impudently pretend to a basis of reasoned sanity; when in art and literature, under plea of realism and in entire controversion of the dictates of sound taste, the base and sordid are unduly emphasized; when in minds clouded by agnosticism there is no vision and no hope. And therefore, as we Catholics know, these are days when the salt of the supernatural



is more than ever necessary to preserve civilization from corruption. Hence the need of antidotal literature, books which are healthy, normal, common-sense, truthful, embodying a sane philosophy and in accord with God's revelation. Hence the further need of means of distribution of the books provided: of artillery, so to speak, to discharge the stored ammunition. And it is not only the outsider that stands in need. Our own position is attacked. False history combines with false science and ethics to overthrow the Christian ideal. Ancient falsehoods, long buried, are dug up and reclothed; social doctrines at war with God's laws are enunciated; the Church is misrepresented and calumniated and made the victim of insinuation and sneer. The sacred mysteries of death even are not left unviolated, and all sorts of morbid experiences are foisted on a public avid of sensationalism. Everywhere we see illustrations of Milton's epigram: "'License' they mean when they cry 'Liberty.'"

Thus we are in much the same case as the first converts to Christianity, exposed to the infection of a Pagan atmosphere, and finding a ready prophylactic in literature which accepts and sets forth true rules of faith and sound moral principles. And therefore both on our own account, and for the sake of the multitudes who have not our safeguards, the multiplication and diffusion of good books is a crying necessity. Think how the bad and the worthless are multiplied and spread; think of the deadly effect of this daily diffusion of poison. When the written word is evil an indelible stain may be left on the imagination. What a man reads adds to his mental experience, for better or for worse. One type of mentality reads and receives without discrimination. Newspapers and periodicals do the "thinking": the credulous mind gets impression after impression, but cannot reject or co-ordinate; its digestion needs a species of literary pepsine. But besides this superficial mentality, which follows easily in the ruts of another's thought, there is the mentality that longs to examine and conclude for itself, but which, being untrained and unguided in thinking, may with all honesty of intention drift into error. There are, moreover, the student, the person of mature mind, the expert, all needing knowledge of God's truth. This, as we said, is the age of reading; everyone reads, and if good books are not to hand, will read trash and garbage and untruth. Where are the good books?

It is in this respect that the faithful Catholic should acknowledge a duty to his own community, to the nation, to the Church, and to God. The stored grain is useful here and now: that which is scattered over the tilth multiplies and fructifies for the future. There is enormous lee-way to make up. Error has got the start of truth in this land by centuries. The Catholic faith, the light of the world, is unknown or ignored or distorted. False history has long ousted the true, and in ten thousands of schools to-day is sowing and fostering error and prejudice. Science, in spite of the fact that its chief pioneers have been Catholics, has not yet emerged from the wave of materialism that swept over it two generations ago. Catholics themselves, whether learners or students or experts, need further and fuller aids to knowledge if they would traffic duly with their talent. The fields are white for the harvest, or, to vary the divine metaphor, they are lying fallow far and wide for the sowing. It is the sight of this perpetual poisoning of the public mind, this perpetuation of old error and production of new, this ever-flowing stream of heresy and falsehood, that moves to action the zeal of those who possess in their divinely-guaranteed faith a secure grasp of the truths best worth knowing, viz., those that teach how man should live here in order to live hereafter. It was this that prompted the founder of the Catholic Truth Society, over thirty years ago, to set on foot that great organization which, immense as its work has been, is, as we believe, far as yet from fulfilling its grand ideal. This has been the inspiration of the Catholic Reading Guild and the various Catholic reference libraries which cater for the student and the inquirer. And hence sprang the impulse which eleven years ago prompted a Catholic resident of the little Sussex seaside town of Bexhill to put at the disposal of visitors in the porch of his parish church a selection of good books from his own library. Let us glance at the development of this venture of faith, for the record is full of encouragement and inspiration for all.

On February 1, 1912, twenty-five volumes of Catholic literature were placed on open shelves in the porch of Bexhill Catholic Church with the approval of the Rector. The public were asked to take whatever they fancied and restore them when done with. For four years, with a continual increase of books, the system worked admirably, too admirably, indeed, for the satisfaction of the enemies of the faith,

who early in 1916 began to steal the precious volumes in large numbers. It looked as if the venture must come to an end, and the Librarian had to transfer the residue to his own house and lend them thence. But this move was in reality the making of the Bexhill Library, for it was then that it began to be distributed by post. Visitors who had taken books home with them asked, on returning them, for more, and, all at once as it were, what had been a little parochial enterprise took the whole world for its scope.

The event has proved that it supplied a want. In 1916, 1,488 books were lent by post. The numbers in the succeeding six years<sup>1</sup> were as follows: 10,217, 18,554, 24,213, 30,307, 24,620, 22,119. In 1918 the growth of the Library necessitated the erection of a special building, which included a free public reading-room and reference library for the town. Its clientele now extended all over the world. The late Holy Father honoured the Librarian in 1920 with a special autograph letter of congratulation, whilst he and his devoted family have had the further consolation of constant evidence of the apostolic work their efforts were achieving, sent by those who have benefited. A long list of these testimonies was published a year or so ago in a booklet concerning the Library, showing in the most convincing manner that Catholic books so distributed were bringing light and strength to many out of reach of other Catholic influences.

This happy result still continues. We have been privileged to see some recent letters which indicate the utility of this silent apostolate. An extract from the first runs:

I should be very much obliged if you would send me something to read in Christian Apologetics. By telling you that I am a medical student with not too strong a knowledge of the reasonable basis of Christianity, and leaving it to you to pick the right book, I will achieve my purpose better than if I were to send you a list of numbers. I hope that you will do this for me, because I really must do something on the subject.

One can easily picture the circumstances which prompted that appeal. A young man, not too well grounded in his religion, and exposed, in the very course of his studies as well as from his associates, to constant assaults on his faith,

<sup>1</sup> In 1917 hospitals and army reading-rooms began to be supplied, which accounts for the rapid growth in output in the next few years, as their gradual closing does for the subsequent fall.

does not know where to find a reasoned defence of it. The apologetic works sent him from Bexhill show him, perhaps for the first time, how much Catholics have done for medicine and how completely compatible are the highest scientific attainments with the fervent practice of Catholicism. He grows in confidence and, it may be, becomes himself an apostle. At any rate, he brings to a profession, which more than any other needs them, a sound grasp of moral principles and an outlook on life untainted with materialism. The books he has borrowed are read by others besides himself, and young agnostics learn to regard with more respect the old religion which they had been taught to consider as not only old but obsolete. In this connection we may remark that the Library possesses over sixty copies of that masterpiece of Apologetic, Sir Bertram Windle's *The Church and Science*—perhaps the most necessary and the most effective weapon in the modern Catholic's armoury—but very few are ever to be found on its shelves. It is always in circulation, busily engaged in enlightening ignorance, removing prejudice and dissipating error.

Again:

We are neither of us Roman Catholics, though we both sometimes feel we would like to be. We are very interested in Catholic books.

How many in this de-Christianized country, bewildered by the warring of the sects, and the "lo here!" and "lo there!" of earnest but blinded evangelists, are echoing these words, and what a boon to them it is that their longings can be adequately satisfied!

No doubt, if he were so minded, the Librarian could tabulate statistics of conversion from his records, and indeed it would be interesting to know how many have been thus brought to the faith and what particular books have proved most effective, but he has been content with the *a priori* conviction that the dissemination of good books must do good and leaves the rest to Him who "giveth the increase." His work is the scattering of the seed, and it is significant of its spirit that the mottoes chosen for the Library are two dicta of the Wise Man (Eccl. xl. 1 and 4):

"Cast thy bread upon the running water: for after a long time thou shalt find it again," and

"He that observeth the wind shall not sow: and he that considereth the clouds shall never reap."

Another letter, the appearance of which is quite in keeping with its contents, is cherished amongst the Librarian's chief treasures:

I saw a write up in my Catholic Paper, The Catholic Register, Toronto: I often wanted to get a read of the Book Harry Stottle I hope you have it in your Collection I am sending fifty Cents for same.

Whether this earnest student "got a read" of the "Ethics" or the "Politics," or of neither, we do not know, but of this we are sure, that he received a sympathetic letter in reply to his. For what marks out the Bexhill Library as hitherto conducted from all others of the sort is precisely this, that borrowers may, and often do, enter into personal relations with those that conduct it. They explain their needs or their difficulties, leaving the choice of appropriate books to the staff, whose time is largely occupied with either answering inquiries directly or indicating the sources of information. We read in the January *Catholic Truth* that no fewer than 581 letters of this character were sent in 1922. Herein lies the secret of this work of zeal. It is not done for profit, nor for fame, but simply for the cause of God. Many of the various borrowers are souls in need and helping them is a spiritual work of mercy. It matters not whether they are lonely Catholics in an African outpost or would-be converts in a South Sea island, they are met with sympathy and understanding and treated as friends. It makes quite a unique little chapter in the history of the Church that in a small English coast-town three lay-Catholics should thus labour for her with a dogged perseverance, a happy humour and an optimism that leaves all in God's care; bravely countering and overcoming the difficulties that throng fast round a Catholic voluntary enterprise in a non-Catholic country. And borrowers are not always the best-behaved of people! They neglect to return books, they send too little postage or none at all, they are "difficult." Books (many rare and valuable or in constant demand) are lost or ill-treated or—most horrible crime in the Librarian's category—are left idle and unproductive on shelves.

It is the earnest hope of all who have rightly appre-

ciated the ideals of this Catholic postal-lending Library that the spirit which brought it to birth and inspired the first stage of its existence may persevere and grow throughout its future. The revived C.T.S. has amongst its primary aims—"To spread among non-Catholics information about Catholicism"—precisely what the Bexhill Librarian and his family have been doing, not only by distributing books, but also through their correspondence. The "Intelligence Department" is one of the essential undertakings of the Forward Movement and will be most naturally associated with its Library.

When, early in 1920, the conspicuous success of the work at Bexhill prompted those interested in the welfare of the Catholic Truth Society to invite the Librarian to join its General Committee, the wind had not been observed, the sowing had been uninterrupted, the clouds had not been considered, the reaping had never lessened, the Catholic Press had been employed in voicing discreetly the Library's needs, and the year actually opened with money in hand for the purchase of books. Then the C.T.S. Forward Movement started, with its appeal for increased Catholic support, and the Librarian was prominently associated with the appeal. But it soon became apparent that one and the same person could not be appealing for two kindred causes, and so, while the work of acquiring and distributing books had never ceased, the Librarian's energy was concentrated on the successful development of the most important of the Church's propaganda societies in this country. The public support of the Library necessarily slackened as that of the C.T.S. increased, till it was felt by many of those associated with the Librarian's work in London that the best way to secure the prosperity of these kindred enterprises—the abandonment of the Library being considered a counsel of desperation—would be to amalgamate them. Accordingly the Business Executive of the Society, at the beginning of 1922, assumed a moiety of the accumulated charges to be met, and the future of the Library was secured by a transfer of the ownership, which the Librarian had always regarded as a trust, to the C.T.S. We have called the enterprises kindred because in fact they are, but we are glad, too, to quote corroborative evidence from *Catholic Book Notes*, which as long ago as 1916 wrote of the Bexhill Library: "It is entirely in accord with one of the primary objects of the Catholic



Truth Society—'to promote the circulation of Catholic books.'"

As a result of this transfer the Society now possesses a weapon that has been forged with unceasing thought and personal care, and with labour that did not end with the working day. It has acquired the "good-will" of a going concern. Its own organization has been remodelled with most satisfactory results, and, with the support it has gained and can hope for, there seems no reason why it should not work this great instrument for good on a scale beyond the power of a private individual, however devoted. The Library is sure to grow. Already several libraries or portions of libraries have been presented to it, and we hear that it has been made the residuary legatee of some half-score others. Its worth and efficiency have been tested and proven. It has received the commendation of the entire hierarchy and thousands of grateful testimonies from borrowers. From student, expert, lonely or ignorant Catholic, from all who love good books, from those eager to hear what the Catholic Church has to offer non-Catholics, from those struggling with unfamiliar doctrine, oftentimes in hostile surroundings, evidence of the help received is abundant, and we should not hesitate to suggest that any Catholic who has no use, present or prospective, for books that the C.T.S. "Bexhill" Library could utilize, lacks a proper sense of the needs of those who are consciously or unconsciously longing for Catholic truth, and are limited in means or opportunities, if he does not add them to its stock. It ought to be the personal affair of every zealous Catholic that this department of the C.T.S. shall not languish, that this agency of truth shall not fall away from the ideal of its founder—the creation of a world-wide lending library of Catholic books—and that the second chapter in the history of the "Bexhill Library" shall, in energy and enterprise and effect, eclipse even the first.

A BORROWER.

# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

"G. K. C'S WEEKLY."

WE have from time to time called attention in these pages to *The New Witness*, a paper closely associated with the policies and views of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Originally, we believe, the creation of Mr. Cecil Chesterton and Mr. Belloc, it ran its course for some years as *The Eye-Witness*. On the lamented death of Mr. Cecil Chesterton, his brother lent the weight of his name and talents to its perpetuation, but though he gave it fame, he could not, for a combination of reasons, give it prosperity. Over two years ago (September, 1920) we pleaded as best we could for Catholic support for it in its financial straits in the following terms:

Regarding the fate of *The New Witness* itself, we sincerely trust that all who love honest journalism—*rara avis in terris*—will combine to help it in its difficulties. It is boycotted by advertisers, it is ignored by the commercialized press, the falsehoods and hypocrisies of which it unsparingly exposes, it has arrayed against it all the corrupted influences of politics, it is hated by the international Jew; if it goes we shall be deprived of a great instrument for clear thinking and honest dealing, and there is nothing to take its place. Despite the oddities of certain cranks who have access to its pages, it stands in the main for the Catholic tradition, with a better understanding of that tradition than some professedly Catholic papers always show. It will be a bad day for English journalism if it goes under.

Well, it appears that *The New Witness* has to go under, but happily it will do so in the fashion ascribed to the phoenix. Another paper is to rise from its ashes called *G.K.C.'s Weekly*, embodying the same principles, more closely identified with G.K.C. and appealing to that wide public which recognizes in him the sanest, most eloquent and most courageous publicist of the day. Amongst that public, in our opinion, Catholics should be very numerous, for the main principles which Mr. Chesterton has persistently advocated are those for which the Catholic Church stands—

the rights of the family, the sanctity of marriage, the liberty of the poor, the diffusion of property, the abolition of the usurer and the profiteer, the purification of political life—in general, the restoration to the community of that Christian spirit which created our civilization and alone stands between it and corruption. When we consider the state of non-Catholic journalism at the present day, the success of an independent paper of this sort, which has a true and stable standard of morality, is of immense importance. The sound social philosophy of *The New Witness*, almost the only paper to react consciously and consistently against that cult of Mammon, which has degraded nearly every department of public life, must not be allowed to be silenced. A servile press is preparing the way for the Servile State. At any rate *G.K.C.'s Weekly* will be independent, *i.e.*, not liable to be deflected from the truth in the interests, or to suit the prejudices, of a wealthy proprietor. The late Lord Northcliffe, in his pamphlet, "Newspapers and their Millionaires," "gave away" the London Press with amazing *naïveté* by showing that the chief papers were but the mouth-pieces of a few abnormally wealthy men, who, unlike himself, had no practical knowledge of journalism, but used their wealth to purchase papers, whereas he made his wealth by producing them. The control of public opinion, or of the sources that create it, is thus concentrated in the hands of a few private and irresponsible individuals, bent on advancing their own political or financial interests, yet bound for their circulation's sake to follow rather than to try to elevate the popular taste.

The new weekly will also be independent in the sense of being free from party ties. Mr. Chesterton wears no political label, although there is no reason in the nature of things why his sound central position should not ultimately be the rallying ground of a strong political force. He is free, therefore, to criticize all programmes and projects whencesoever proceeding; and no doubt he will.

*The New Witness* has been wont to open its pages freely to those who oppose its ideals. One is apt to meet therein reviews of plays and books wherein the reviewer took no great stock of Christian morality, and, stranger still, in spite of the paper's denunciation of Capitalist abuses, its financial expert rarely turns a hair when confronted with the rank usury which pervades modern commercial dealings. Nor are

we, in spite of our appreciation of his sound principles, prepared to endorse all Mr. Chesterton's own views of international politics. He is too prone sometimes to "indict nations," and to fall into the journalistic habit of confounding a corrupt or militaristic ruling class with the misguided populace it misrepresents. But he is always amenable to well-informed criticism, and we may trust that in the new paper expressions of opinion which are not consonant with sound ethics, will be confined to the department called "The Open Forum," destined to provide an arena for free discussion. In any case, it seems to us that the time—a time of moral and social chaos—has found or produced the man, one better fitted than any of his journalistic contemporaries, to lead the way to a return to sound thinking and right action, and consequently deserving of all possible support.

J.K.

#### TWO PIOUS STORIES IN STRANGE COMPANY.

ONE does not usually turn to the writings of non-Christian or anti-Christian scientists in search of tales which might serve to illustrate a catechetical instruction to children. We are all the more pleased, then, to be able to quote from the pages of two distinguished French savants, whose reputation is world-wide, a couple of stories which might have appeared in the mediæval *Exempla* of Jacques de Vitry or Stephen of Bourbon. And the most remarkable circumstance is that both in the one case and in the other, the narrators, owing to the exceptional character of the witnesses who attest them, are entirely satisfied that the alleged occurrences are authentic and accurately reported.

We take the first story from the recently published *Traité de Métapsychique* of Professor Charles Richet, one of the most famous physiologists of our generation, who, in spite of his belief in spiritistic phenomena, remains a Sadducee in his denial of any future life. Professor Richet, in the concluding pages of his book, refers particularly to this incident as a difficulty which his attitude of resolute materialism has to take account of,<sup>1</sup> but having, apparently, intimate personal knowledge of the members of the family concerned, he does not dispute its truth. The story, as he tells it, runs as follows:

<sup>1</sup> Richet, *Traité de Métapsychique*, p. 737.

Louise F., aged 48, died after an operation in Jan., 1896. In a previous illness she had persistently asked that during convalescence she might be allowed to take a darling little niece with her into the country. Lili, who was the daughter of her brother, M. F., was 3 years and 3 months old, and though an intelligent and precocious child, she had seemed to enjoy excellent health. Just a month after her aunt's death it happened that several times over she suddenly paused in the middle of her play, went to the window and looked fixedly out. Her mother asked her what she was looking at. "It is Aunt Louise who is holding out her arms to me and calling me." Her mother, terrified, tried to divert her attention. But the child soon returned dragging a chair with her close to the window, never losing sight for more than a few minutes of the Aunt who was calling to her. "For my part," said M. F., from whom I had the story, "I was then 11, and my little sister Lili said to me, 'What! Don't you see Tata?'" (Tata was the name by which the Aunt was always known in the family). For some months nothing more was seen. But about May 20th, little Lili fell ill, and as she lay in bed she kept looking up to the ceiling saying that she saw her Auntie, who kept calling her, surrounded with little angels. "How pretty it is, Mummy," she said. As the days went on, the child grew more and more ill, but kept repeating: "Auntie has come to fetch me and is holding out her arms to me." And when her mother began to cry, she went on: "Don't cry, Mummy; it is so pretty; there are angels all around me."

Lili died of tuberculous meningitis on June 9th, four and a half months after her aunt.<sup>1</sup> The story was first told to Richet by F.F., Lili's brother, whose memory of the circumstances was precise in every particular, and it was confirmed by a sister, G.F., and by the mother. None of the family had ever heard any similar stories or took any interest in psychic research.

Our second tale is taken from M. Camille Flammarion, the well-known astronomer, who narrates it in the third volume of his recent work, *La Mort et son Mystère*, the first two parts of which have already been translated into English. He reproduces entire a letter of M. Charles Naudin, Membre de l'Institut, a distinguished botanist, who wrote to him from Antibes on December 26, 1896, in the following terms:

The incident I speak of took place on the 26th of June last at Denain (Nord). A nun belonging to the Dames de la Sainte-

<sup>1</sup> Richet, *Traité de Métapsychique* (1922), pp. 151-152.

Union, of which the mother-house is at Douai, with a dependent convent at Denain, was sent to the latter house to help the cook there, who had more work to do than she could get through. Before she left, the Mother Superior who was very ill (she was suffering from cancer) and felt herself near her end, had exacted from the sister in question a promise to pray for her; which she gave. The sick woman died in the early part of May.

Five or six weeks afterwards, that is to say on the 26th of June, our good nun, who was helping the maids working in the laundry, and who had her sleeves rolled up to the elbows, was sent down to the cellar to draw them some beer. There, without her having had previously any such thought in her mind, she saw standing beside her another nun, whom she recognized as the Superior who had died some weeks before, and who, gripping her arm tightly in a way that caused her acute pain, said: "Pray for me, for I am suffering." All this happened in less time than it needs to record it. The poor Sister, out of her wits with terror, rushed up the cellar steps again and threw herself down, more dead than alive, upon a bench which stood near.

The laundry-maids, finding that she had not returned with the beer, went to see what had happened. They discovered her sitting on the bench, in such a state of distress that she could hardly find words to tell them that she had been badly hurt; but she showed them her arm, on which, to the astonishment of all who were present, there appeared five red marks like burns, four on one side, and a fifth, which was broader and deeper, on the other. This last corresponded to the place of the thumb, just as if somebody had clasped the Sister's arm with a red-hot gauntlet. Blisters very quickly formed in the places which were affected.

The doctor who attended the convent, M. Toison, was summoned to give medical aid. After taking a photograph of the burns, he gave directions as to their treatment. The wounds healed in due course, but, nevertheless, left five or six scars behind them, which bore witness to the reality of what had happened. Dr. Toison is a medical man of distinction and is a Professor of the Faculty at Lille. There cannot be a doubt concerning the veracity of those who saw what had happened. Are we to say that the apparition was subjective? The objectivity of the burns, at any rate, is only too certain.<sup>1</sup>

M. Flammarion points out that the apparition might very easily have been an hallucination, and he also urges that the burns themselves might have been due to an auto-suggestion which this hallucination had induced. Since the brand wounds might have come about in this way he decides

<sup>1</sup> *La Mort et son Mystère*, III., pp. 249—250.



that this natural explanation is the one which science ought to prefer. But he cannot, after recounting another story of a similar ghostly visitant asking for prayers, restrain himself from putting the rhetorical question, "Pourquoi ces demandes si fréquentes de prières?" and the only answer he can make is another query, "Notre éducation?" which does not help us much.

H.T.

## II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

### **Suggested Reopening of the Vatican Council.**

We have noticed little comment in the press on the suggestion made by Pope Pius XI. in his first Encyclical that the approaching Year of Jubilee, 1925, which will be an occasion for the assembling at Rome of the Catholic episcopate of the world, may also be a fitting opportunity for considering the resumption of the sessions of the Vatican Council, suspended in 1870. It is true that his Holiness makes no express declaration of his intention, but rather commends the matter to the prayers of the faithful, as one of vast importance needing the special guidance of the Holy Spirit, but he surely will not take it amiss if his children deliberate as well as pray, and try to estimate the comparative advantages and drawbacks of a reopening of the Council. It is well-known that the Vatican passed only two "Constitutions"—that on the Faith and that on the Papal Supremacy—but both of these were of the utmost moment as directly opposing the two sources of error which were then corrupting Christian civilization, the rejection of Revelation shown in the spread of rationalism, and the rejection of the Primacy resulting in the weakening of Christian influence through the subdivisions of the sects. And who shall measure the immense effect in arresting decay and reviving Christian life, which followed the achievement of these two items in a vast programme? The denial of revelation is now seen, with the help of the lurid light of the great war, to deprive humanity itself of the motives and of the means for progress, and the rejection of the centre and bond of unity has brought home to the sects that what their originators had fancied liberty has proved to be but anarchy and confusion. There is no explanation of human origins, history and destiny possible save that which derives everything from the free volition of a personal, infinitely-perfect, self-existent Creator, with whom His creatures can enter into personal relations by faith and hope and charity: there is no key to the problems of life save in the con-

cept of this as a fallen and a redeemed world, the place of preparation for another. On the broad and deep foundations of this First Constitution, contained in four chapters and eighteen canons, all sound constructive theology is based. That they needed explicit definition shows how terribly the solvent of modern scepticism, fostered by agnostic science, had corroded the public mind outside the Church. And there will be no sanity in that public mind, in its projects and speculations, till it recognizes again these fundamental truths of reason and revelation.

**Papal Supremacy  
necessary for  
Unity.**

The Second Constitution, *de Romano Pontifice*, demonstrates in its turn how the Church has been preserved from the prevailing disintegration of belief. From the very first the Holy See was regarded in Christendom as the final court of appeal in matters of faith, and as divinely safeguarded against error through the assistance of the Holy Spirit, guaranteed to St. Peter, and therefore to his successors in office, by Christ. This living infallible voice has ever been employed in authenticating and interpreting, without adding to, the tradition of the Apostles, the *depositum fidei*. And in virtue of the Petrine commission the Pope has always exercised direct jurisdiction over the whole Church, just as each individual bishop has, in virtue of his office, over his particular diocese. To this is due the majestic unity of the Church in matters of faith, and the absence of schism or heresy within her fold, despite certain inevitable diversities of rite and language. On the other hand, those separated from her have never been able to find any principle of cohesion, and the outward bond of State establishment and control has notoriously failed to maintain a common creed even within the bounds of a single nation. Hence the pathetically-futile groping after a principle of union which is so marked a feature amongst the sects of our time, all of them essentially rationalists inasmuch as their final appeal is not to authoritative revelation but to reason and experience. They want to belong to the Church of Christ yet keep their independence: in effect, they refuse to have this Man *reigning* over them, though they are willing enough to follow His teaching according to their own lights. Latterly, the Anglican body has been discussing the revision of its Book of Common Prayer, that *lex orandi* which has hitherto stood for its *lex credendi*. Alas! even its "ambiguous formularies" can do so no longer, so manifest has become the diversity of belief amongst those who use it. Decision on the proposed revision is postponed for the time being, and meanwhile, with incurable optimism, the Anglican Archbishops have set up a Commission on Christian Doctrine to determine, in brief, how far there is agreement in their Church on points of faith. Can we imagine

the Church which Christ founded to teach in His name setting out at the end of nineteen centuries to discover what He did teach? And, in the wild hypothesis of this Commission reaching a unanimous decision, how can it be recommended as certainly true, and, if not, why should it be accepted?

**The Pope  
and General  
Councils.**

When the Vatican Council was summoned a notification of the event was sent out by the Pope to the non-Catholic sects, in a Brief wherein they were exhorted to return to the unity of the faith. We need not recall with what scorn this fatherly exhortation was received some fifty years ago. The non-Catholic world is wiser now, and, although national pride and the "variations of Protestantism" will always prevent anything like a corporate submission, a reassembling of the Council could not fail to impress hearts in which the longing for unity has become a passion and minds which have at last seen in history the disastrous results of separation. The very suggestion that the Council should be reopened will enlighten those who dreamt that the definition of infallibility had turned the Pope into an autocrat and made it any less advisable for him to consult the Church in his government. There was no Council during the three hundred years between Trent and the Vatican, *i.e.*, before Papal infallibility was declared a dogma of faith. On the other hand the suggested resumption of the latter after an interval of but half a century shows that the Pope is no less anxious than before to avail himself of the counsels of his brethren in the discharge of his office. The hierarchy of the Church has grown greatly in the interval. Out of a possible number of 1,050 prelates of various degrees entitled to attend, 774 were present during the eight months of the Council. When it is reopened the possible attendance will be much larger, the hierarchy of the United States, for instance, having practically doubled since 1870.

**The Unity  
of the  
Supra-National  
Church.**

In the midst of a world sunk in materialism, and consequently given over to national rivalries which the war has only intensified, the manifestation of the unity and catholicity of the Church, emphasized by the resumption of the Council, must needs show mankind that alone in the true religion, which transcends all limits of nationality and race and holds out nobler objects of ambition than the goods of earth, lies our best hope of peace. It is religion that inspires that moral disarmament, that laying aside of covetous and unjust and uncharitable desires, without which the laying aside of weapons of offence cannot be hoped for. And nowhere but in the Church Catholic, whose

centre is in Rome, can the unifying effect of a common faith be found. If it be said that that faith did not prevent Catholics from fighting each other in the late war, the answer is that each was in the grip of his own national system, and that the various national systems as such take no practical heed of religion as an influence regulating their intercourse, still less of the Catholic Church as the chief upholder of the moral law. There are signs that the world is turning again to the only supra-national Power on earth for help in its needs. At any rate Catholics, amongst others, have had the chance of learning from the war the danger and the folly of indulging unnecessary national antagonisms. National conceit is an insidious vice, the chief evil of which is that it constantly prompts national hatreds and develops into imperialism, whereas the true spirit of Christianity suggests kindness and courtesy towards the stranger. If only Catholics of all nations cultivated as they ought mutual sympathy, if they took due interest in the fortunes of their brethren in other lands, religion would have a far greater influence for peace and justice and brotherhood than is exercised by the pursuit of common earthly interests such as science or literature. Here again is a good result that might be looked for from the reassembling of the Vatican Council. The stimulus given to Catholic life by combined work for the betterment of the Church—for much remains to be done although various Popes, notably Leo XIII., have put into effect different items of the Vatican *schemata*—would do much to promote a better understanding amongst members of the household and thus help in the pacification of the world.

**Prospects  
of Peace in  
Europe.**

Looked at from this standpoint, the French seizure of the Ruhr fills us with apprehension for future peace. Germany for the moment is at the mercy of her neighbour who, as far as effective resistance goes, might advance to Berlin. France is searching her pockets but, by all accounts, has not yet found the pocket that contains money. And meanwhile she is adding enormously to her own indebtedness and straining the allegiance of her chief Ally. She puts forth a simple case. "Germany owes me reparations, and has not paid them. I am merely taking them for myself." But the case is not so simple as it looks. No European country is a self-contained entity. The actions of France are bound to affect all the Allies, and if she is mistaken we, amongst others, will be involved in her mistake. It was isolated action that created the Turko-Greek imbroglio and brought the Ottoman back to the regions his presence had cursed for so long. Isolated action here may have much more disastrous consequences. Instead of the Western Alliance develop-

ing smoothly and naturally into a League of all Nations, a grave step has been taken towards the restoration of the pre-war precarious equipoise of shifting combinations with its inevitable consequence of competition in armaments. As far as the outside observer, with no prepossessions save for international harmony and peace, can see, no security that France can obtain by her present action is comparable to that afforded by close friendship with the British Commonwealth, pending the formation of an all-inclusive international League. If France could get what is due to her without the creation of worse evils now and in the future, no one who knows what she has suffered could complain. But Europe has had enough of the war-atmosphere, and the prospect of its indefinite prolongation is appalling. The industrial world is becoming more and more demoralized through unemployment, and this is intensified through European disturbance. Every warlike action puts back the day of recovery and makes it more difficult. We are glad to think that France has no intention of annexing the Ruhr: does she think that the German worker can be *forced* to do more than he has been doing? Or that the German Government, whose resources she is ruining, will be able to buy her off out of diminished means?

**Ireland  
still under  
The Terror.**

To those of her children who live abroad the name of Ireland during the last six months must have become a byword and a reproach. The Irish Bishops, from their position in the country, have the best means of knowing the truth, and from their character and office are least exposed to the temptation to deflect or exaggerate it. Yet their Lenten pastorals, following on their joint pronouncement of June last, depict a state little short of anarchy—a guerilla warfare combined with sabotage maintained, as Cardinal Logue says, by "a comparatively few fanatics" against a poorly organized Government, with the mass of the people—and this is the worst feature—looking on impotently and apathetically. It would be a sad spectacle, even if the ideals of the rebels were even remotely attainable. But no man in his senses can really believe that at the present juncture entire independence could be won from the British Government by negotiation or wrested from it by force. And all the evidence there is goes to show that no considerable section of the Irish people wants at the moment to make the attempt. The whole miserable conflict goes to show that the spirit of nationality, one of the noblest and loftiest that can possess the human breast, a spirit which has prompted the most heroic deeds in history, that has vindicated human freedom and overthrown unjust oppression on a thousand battle-fields, that is often the bulwark and safeguard of religion itself, becomes, once it escapes from the bond

of the moral law, a degradation and a curse. There are many in Ireland to-day who are Irish folk first and Catholics afterwards, or haply not at all, owing to their having lost the outlook of faith. A terrible responsibility rests on those who have defied their moral leaders in a question of morality and launched a crowd of half-developed men and women on a career of crime. If, as Newman rightly says, the greatest earthly benefits would not justify the commission of the smallest venial sin, what are we to say of those who are trying to debauch the youth of a nation in pursuit of what is manifestly a chimera. Some of the Bishops' threnodies end on a note of hope, which will be some small consolation to Catholics all over the world—and not the Irish only—who are shamed by the cause so wantonly given to the enemies of the Church to blaspheme.

**The Housing Problem.**

During the war the Government was compelled by the profiteering instinct which the avowed separation of economics from morality has long since induced in the commercial community to exercise control over prices. Otherwise, landlords and traders, acting on the immoral yet commonly accepted maxim that "the price of an article is what it will fetch," would have vied with one another in exploiting our necessities. Now that commodities have become more plentiful the need of strict control has vanished, and open competition to some extent checks profiteering. But where shortage still continues or where quasi-monopolies are being formed the protest of the consumer must constantly be raised lest Government should not save him from the snares of the covetous. That is why one views the gradual amalgamation of the great railway companies with some misgiving, hoping that the law will keep a firm hand upon their longings for high dividends. And that is why, in a smaller sphere, one views with sympathy the efforts made by small but enterprising bus-companies to break the monopoly of the great trust which controls our locomotion. And finally that is why the problems of rents and housing is becoming so acute. Owing to the war and the inaction that followed it, the primary needs of our population for decent shelter at reasonable rents has been neglected for years and we are hundreds of thousands short in our provision of houses, even though we reckon the wide and growing area of slumdom as part of that provision. We have frequently deplored the home-conditions in which the bulk of our workers have to live. No one can think of the state of the congested areas of our great cities, much less visit them even cursorily, without condemning the "civilization" which has produced and still tolerates them. Our leading statesmen have time and again spoken of housing as the fundamental problem of the day, yet



time and again they have declined to attempt its solution. "If I had to live under the housing conditions that many people now have to endure," said one honest man<sup>1</sup> in Manchester the other day, "I should become a revolutionist of the deepest dye." And it is only the deadening effect of use and wont, the want of education, the absence of ideals, the fear of something worse than a slum dwelling,—no shelter at all,—that enables millions of our fellow creatures to live and die in circumstances of squalor ruinous to health and morals alike, without violent protest of some sort. But here is the problem. The shortage of houses, such as they are, is very great, hence rents are still under Government control. On the other hand, the building speculator to whom the community has hitherto looked to supply its needs refuses to speculate in building if he cannot get his usual profits. And even if he did the experience of pre-war conditions shows that his efforts are inadequate. A return to the state of things before the war is no remedy for the evil, which is deep-seated in our industrial system. In addition to the shortage, there are a million dwelling-places consisting of only two rooms and over two hundred thousand homes which are wholly insanitary. Before the war some forty per cent of the inhabitants of this country lived in a state of either "primary" or "secondary" poverty. Thus, something more than mere tinkering at the problem is necessary if we are to secure Christian conditions of life in this land.

**Housing  
the First Need.**

Hence, it is surprising that Ministers who know the need should postpone the remedy and spend public money lavishly on foreign enterprises which only remotely concern their fellow-citizens. They put into the mouth of the King in April, 1919, the following grave and significant words, some of which we italicise:

I am informed that the immediate need of working-class houses for England and Wales alone is estimated at approximately 500,000. To meet this need the same untiring energy and enthusiasm will be needed as *that which enabled the country to meet the demand for munitions of war*. It is not too much to say that an adequate solution of the housing question is the *foundation of all social progress*.

Yet with strange architectural unconcern they busy themselves, when they touch social matters at all, with other parts of the structure. And they seem to be aiming at nothing better than what obtained before the war. What that was was painted in unforgettable language by Mr. Lloyd George in one of his "visionary" speeches.

<sup>1</sup> Lieut.-Colonel Westcott.

What was the old world like? [he asks]. It was a world where toil for myriads of honest workers, men and women, purchased nothing better than squalor, penury, anxiety, and wretchedness—a world scarred by slums and disgraced by sweating, where unemployment, through the vicissitudes of industry, brought despair to multitudes of humble homes; a world where, side by side with want, there was waste of the inexhaustible riches of the earth, partly through ignorance and want of forethought; partly through entrenched selfishness. If we renew the lease of that world we shall betray the heroic dead. We shall be guilty of the basest perfidy that ever blackened a people's fame. Nay, we shall store up retribution for ourselves and for our children. The old world must and will come to an end.

That Vision has faded into the light of common day, but the facts which inspired it remain. Our Lord "who had compassion on the multitude" cannot surely approve any social system which tolerates such facts and supinely accepts them as inevitable. The measure of our real Christianity will be our efforts to remove them.

**An Educational  
Temperance  
Campaign.**

Amongst the many social evils engendered by slum life drunkenness ranks high. The public-house is the "nearest way out" of the squalor in which the worker is forced to live. It is the only remedy known to many of our submerged classes, and hence the enormous sums squandered on this particular relaxation, the enormous profits of the Drink Traffic, the enormous revenue accruing to the State, the enormous losses incurred by the same due to the resultant evils. Here again the tendency is to hark back to pre-war conditions and to remove the restrictions on the Trade which public welfare demanded during the war. To counteract this tendency "The Temperance Council of the Christian Churches" has inaugurated an educative campaign throughout the country, and at the opening meeting at the Mansion House on February 12th, Cardinal Bourne, one of the Presidents of the Council, laid down the principles on which the campaign should be conducted. These are, briefly, that any restriction of personal freedom must be dictated by necessity. The more the individual can practise moderation through the exercise of his own rightly educated conscience the better. And his pursuit of temperance, if it is to be a virtue, must be all-round: he must aim at controlling all his passions and not think that mere abstinence from strong drink, without any other evidence of restraint, qualifies him for a halo. Above all he must not think that he or others have gained self-command because they are deprived of opportunity of indulgence. Prohibition is not temperance, but a recognition that temperance has failed, that the

community as a whole cannot be trusted to avoid such excess in drink as would expose it to grave injury. Therefore such modified forms of prohibition as Sunday closing, and Local Option resulting in Local Veto, are only means to an end, devices to restrain from excess people whom conscience cannot restrain, to be used only when necessary and discarded when the result, through persuasion and education and the growth of higher ideals, has been attained. If the campaign is conducted on these lines, it cannot but do immense good. People can be taught not to drink just as they are taught to drink. It is largely a social habit dependent on tradition and capable of indefinite modification.

**Prohibition  
no  
Remedy.**

Meanwhile the member for Dundee, the only prohibitionist in Parliament, has tabled a motion to prevent "the manufacture, importation and sale of alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes." He is disdainful of previous legislative attempts to check the evils of excessive drinking—"all legislative and other efforts satisfactorily to regulate the drink traffic have failed"—therefore to cure this patient of his headache he will cut off his head. One would think that the endeavour to force an ascetic ideal on a nation not otherwise given to asceticism would strike Mr. Scrymgeour as preposterous, and that the manifest failure of prohibition in America—we do not say to check drinking, for that no doubt it has done—to improve public morality, would give him pause. But there are many like him, and fanaticism breeds fanaticism. Over against the United Kingdom Alliance which stands for Prohibition are the various Brewers' Associations, some of them disguised with temperance titles, whose aim is to foster and extend the Trade. As we have often said this traffic, which so easily becomes anti-social, should not be left in private hands. It should be no one's interest to promote unnecessary drinking. The community as a whole represented by the State should manage a business which so vitally affects its welfare. The Prohibitionists, who are often tainted with Manichæanism, are of course opposed to State ownership as perpetuating and consolidating a noxious traffic, and no doubt the cost of buying out the traders would be at present out of the question, but it must be tackled some day, *unless* proper housing and better education come permanently to raise the social tone of the masses, and religion takes again its due share in shaping the public conscience.

**Catechists  
for  
School Children.**

Nowhere is the need for rigid economy more to be deplored than in the region of public education. Though Catholics cannot but rejoice that Mr. Fisher, doctrinaire and intractable, no longer rules at the Education Office, the schemes as-

sociated with his name for the further instruction of elementary scholars had many elements of good in them. But they have had to be dropped, owing to the "axe" of Mr. Geddes, and now to all intents and purposes elementary education ends at the age of fourteen. The dual system, the only one possible in a community of mixed religions, is still threatened, but we are glad to see that those Anglicans who were prepared to surrender it are now pointing out that their terms of surrender were practically equivalent to its maintenance. Our own body has the proud distinction of having actually increased, during the year 1919-1920, the number of our voluntary schools, although not in proportion to the increase in number of our children. In this connection what promises to be a very important development was foreshadowed by the Cardinal Archbishop in addressing the annual meeting of the C.W.L. at the end of January. He appealed to the ladies to organize catechetical teaching for children who have no Catholic school and for those who have already left school, an immense work only imperfectly achieved by the overworked priests and nuns in the various parishes. The League has the matter under consideration. When we consider what our children are exposed to from infidel teachers in elementary schools—*The Universe* (February 23rd) reports a teachers' discussion wherein it was stated that the Passion and Crucifixion were "too morbid and gruesome" for children, that the Fall was a myth and therefore Atonement unnecessary, etc.—and how little they can have grasped when they leave school at 14 we can see that it is not a moment too soon to set to work to prevent the only too probable defection of many from the faith.

**Catholic Boys  
at non-Catholic  
Secondary  
Schools.**

A matter of kindred importance was discussed by the Cardinal in his Lenten pastoral—the attendance of Catholics at non-Catholic secondary schools. Time and again the hierarchy has fulminated against this pernicious practice without seemingly having managed to put a stop to it, owing perhaps in some degree to the open or covert encouragement given to parents by misguided priests.

We can conceive [says the Cardinal] no more thoughtless or heartless moral cruelty than deliberately to deprive a Catholic boy [and girls too are sometimes similarly victimized], in his most impressionable years, of the atmosphere, influence and surroundings of a Catholic school; and to subject him without any necessity to associations which, on the open testimony of those who know them best, are alien from Catholic practice and tradition, and in too many cases are imbued with principles which no Catholic can accept even as Christian.

That such a grave warning should be necessary even once shows how readily in our isolated community the poison of worldliness is apt to infect the outlook of Catholics. No doubt his Eminence is right in ascribing the practice to mixed marriages and the ignorance of foreigners. Several non-Catholics took exception to the Cardinal's strictures on religious education in provided and secondary schools, but were not able to deny their substantial truth. As long as there is no religious test for teachers it stands to reason that they may be wholly incompetent, either through ignorance or unbelief, to impart religious knowledge or indeed moral training, which depends upon religion. Whereas in the non-Catholic secondary schools religion as such has often no part in the curriculum, as many an autobiography testifies, and necessarily, in default of religion, as has been made so clear in France, what is taught is irreligion, the denial of the supernatural. From the irreligious elementary schools come the bulk of our workers; what wonder that the Labour party is so often astray in moral questions, such as divorce, race-suicide, secular "education" and the like. We have evidently to be more and more of a militant body if the Christian standard is not to be lost sight of.

#### Mussolini's Dictatorship.

Italy has benefited from the rule of her dictator who still holds sway nakedly and avowedly by force. However, even given a ruler of thoroughly sound principles, there is no stability in such a government. The Italian people acquiesces for the present; things get done and abuses are rectified, but the only real guarantee of permanence is the creation of a party which from conviction and principle will support the dictator, and is strong enough to carry on his ideals. From time to time, his *obiter dicta* give one pause, for he shows little sign of having grasped the fact that the nations must amend their policies or perish, that Europe will not survive another war. Signor Mussolini has ratified the Washington Naval Treaty, but has accompanied the deed by words which emasculate such endeavours to get rid of the war mentality. "I do not believe [he says] in perpetual and universal peace." This does not mean that he disbelieves in its desirability, for he declares himself no militarist, but in its possibility—an attitude calculated to bring about the very calamity he fears. Unless we believe in the possibility of a thing we have no zeal in aiming at it, but unless Europe henceforth seeks peace and ensures it she will lapse into barbarism. It is bad enough to have the French Government, with its wholly materialistic outlook, playing false to the ideals of Christianity. Italy, the home of the supreme arbiter of the nations and the centre of the world-wide Church, should perform a nobler rôle.

**The Condemnation  
of a  
Birth-Control Book.**

It is good news that Mrs. Sanger's notorious book on "Family Limitation" has been twice condemned by London magistrates, in the court of first instance and on appeal, and ordered to be destroyed, and this in despite of testimonies in its favour by London doctors who do not scruple to lend their names to this essentially vicious propaganda. Herein we have another instance of the necessity of a teaching Church to safeguard Christian morals. Once the human mind becomes a law to itself in these matters there is hardly any limit to the degradation it will palliate and justify. The whole tradition of Catholic Christendom is lightly swept aside and even the considered witness of reputable physicians to the bodily evils of the practice, in order that free rein may be given to human passion and excuses found for animal lust. Only those in whom the sense of decency has been atrophied by un-Christian theories, and, it may be, practices, can advocate unblushingly this abominable sin, alleging every variety of specious but untrue justification. We trust that these legal judgments will serve as a precedent and check the flood of filthy literature with which we are constantly threatened. The common law of England on the matter embodies a sound Christian principle, and should be upheld by all who love their country and their faith.

**Importation of  
Bad Literature  
into Ireland.**

The February number of the *Irish Monthly*, an exceptionally strong issue which promises well for its future under the new editorship, opens with an article on a subject about which we ourselves have written more than once—the harm done to the Catholic civilization of Ireland by the bad literature which is sent there across the Channel. The sight of the tons of press-matter dumped on Dunleary Pier by each succeeding mail-steamer awakens melancholy reflections. Even in remote villages of the West the English pictorial papers are found, and particularly those purveyors of the filth of the week, the English Sunday journals. The English Home Secretary was approached lately by a number of representative people, and asked for legislation to prohibit the report of salacious details in divorce cases, but refused to do anything. According to the acticle before us repeated efforts have been made by Head Masters, Justices of the Peace and Members of Parliament to cleanse the railway bookstalls of the garbage thereon displayed without effect. Even last September the President of the English Institute of Journalists at Bristol animadverted on the indecency of the law-reports, but nothing has been done. The paper recalls how in Limerick some years ago something was done, and a consignment of objectionable journals from England was publicly burned. Even if there is no actual evil in any given issue the general abandon-



ment in the English secular press of Christianity as a standard of morals makes it unfit reading for a Christian people, and we hope that the Vigilance Societies, which had their origin in Limerick, will continue their good work. The writer, Father T. A. Murphy, C.S.S.R., rightly points out that the best way of driving out bad literature is the production of good, and gives us grounds for hoping that this will be effectually done. Now that Catholic journalists are provided with a patron and an exemplar in the person of St. Francis of Sales, they should aim at being, as he was, apostles of truth and masters of persuasion.

THE EDITOR.

### III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

#### CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Petrine Confession**, The [Rev. C. F. Cremin in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Feb., 1923, p. 113].

**Temptation of Christ**, The [P. Bonnetain in *La Vie et les Arts Liturgiques*, Feb., 1923, p. 145].

**Bolshevist Church of Russia** [M. d'Herbigny in *Etudes*, Feb. 5, 1923, p. 257].

#### CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

**Catholic Evidence Guild** [Mrs. Wilfrid Ward in *Tablet*, Feb. 17, 1923, p. 213].

**Evil Literature in Ireland** [T. A. Murphy, C.S.S.R., in *Irish Monthly*, Feb., 1923, p. 53].

**Labour Leaders and Neo-Malthusianism** [V. McNabb, O.P., in *Catholic Times*, Feb. 10, 1923, p. 10].

**Non-Catholic Schools**, Evils of attending [*Tablet*, Feb. 17, 24, 1923, p. 212, 268].

**Psycho-analysis**, Dangers of [C. Bruehl, Ph.D., in *Catholic World*, Feb., 1923, p. 577].

**Scientist**, The Unscientific [Prof. Windle in *Catholic World*, Feb., 1923, pp. 634, 687].

**Superstition**, The Nemesis of Unbelief [J. J. Walsh in *Catholic World*, Feb. 1923, p. 595].

#### POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Bible**, New Italian Translation of [A. Vaccari, S.J., in *Civiltà Cattolica*, Feb. 17, 1923, p. 341].

**Capitalism** in its modern development against Catholic Principles [P. Joy, S.J., in *Irish Monthly*, Feb., 1923, p. 78].

**Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems**: a New American Institution [J. Husslein in *America*, Jan. 20, 1923, p. 333].

**Catholic Parties in Italy**, State of [*Tablet*, Jan. 27, 1923, p. 118].

**Clergy**, The, and the Press [C. Bruehl, D.D., in *Homiletic Review* Feb. 1923, p. 445].

**Confé, M.**, not a believer [*New York World*, quoted in *America*, Jan. 30, 1923, p. 336].

**Family Endowment**, The French Scheme [Isabel Willis in *Catholic Times*, Jan. 27, 1923, p. 10; Irene Hernaman in *Christian Democrat*, Mar. 1923, p. 5].

**Jung, Canon**: Swiss Social Reformer [*Catholic World*, Feb. 1923, p. 680].

# REVIEWS

I—W. J. BIRKBECK.<sup>1</sup>

THE Russian debacle during, and still more, after the war, has been a puzzle to most people. The solution to the riddle can only be obtained by intimate knowledge of the Russian character and institutions. Very few indeed knew what was really going on in Russia. Even so-called accredited authorities disagreed on very important questions. Hence the special value which attaches to Mr. Birkbeck's *Life and Letters*. He had exceptional opportunities for obtaining first-hand knowledge of facts, and by his familiarity with Russian and other allied languages, was able to avail himself of the experiences thus accorded to him and to give clear and adequate expression to them. But it was chiefly with the religious side of the question that he was concerned. Indeed, it may be said that his whole life was devoted to the one object of bringing about a union between the Anglican and Russian Churches. He himself was a "high" Anglican, delighting in incense and ritual generally even when a boy at school. He held such doctrines as Transubstantiation (p. 215), Commemoration of the Dead and Veneration of the Saints—doctrines which he knew were not believed in by many of his own brethren. Though he saw the inconsistency and the disputes on fundamental points in the Communion into which he was born, and though he could not blink the facts, yet he firmly believed that the various divisions were not inconsistent with the unity of the Anglican Church! Night and day he worked devotedly for union with the Russian Church, of which he himself became practically a member. Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that he knew more about the Russian Church, its doctrine, liturgy and music than the Russians themselves did. Hence, he was the chosen intermediary between England and Russia, not only in ecclesiastical affairs, but also, at the outbreak of the war, for political reasons also; for, as his letters testify, he had, by his numerous visits to Russia, won the confidence and favour of all classes, both the poor and the influential alike. But great as his influence undoubtedly was, he realized its

<sup>1</sup> *Life and Letters of W. J. Birkbeck*. By his Wife. London: Longmans. Pp. 380. 15s. net. 1922.

limits. Thus he writes (p. 66): "You ask me about the recognition of Civil marriage, and what would be the view of it in Russia. I have no hesitation in saying, that if the English Church were to recognize it, it would constitute an insuperable obstacle to any hope of union with the East."

In view of the attempts made at the present time to reopen the question of Anglican Orders in connection with Rome, it is interesting to note Mr. Birkbeck's correspondence of 1895, when Pope Leo XIII. issued the *Apostolicae Curae*. From the Catholic standpoint at least he could not and did not understand the whole question at issue. This may have been caused in part by his anomalous position in the Church of England. The Sacrifice of the Mass was rejected by the Edwardine ritual of ordination. Hence, even on this account, so-called priests who were not ordained to offer sacrifice, were not ordained at all; for sacrifice is of the essence of the priestly character. Yet Mr. Birkbeck professed his belief in Transubstantiation.

As will be gathered from the foregoing, the interest of this volume mainly lies in its record of Anglican ecclesiastical affairs during the last fifty years. Perhaps fault may be found with the rather long digressions: one on the life of Archbishop Antonius and another on Stratton Strawless, where Mr. Birkbeck lived from 1900 till his death. But this is only a minor point. For the rest, the biography presents the picture of one to whom religion meant everything, who, in face of failure and contradiction, was determined that truth should be vindicated, whose contribution to our knowledge of Russian affairs, character, religion and life generally, is unique and inestimable.

## 2—A STUDY OF ST. AUGUSTINE<sup>1</sup>

TRAVELLING recently in the train to London, I overheard the curious remark: "You know, I am simply soaked in him." The "him" was St. Augustine, and the speaker was an Anglican dignitary of some kind or other on his way to the National Assembly. There are probably not a few people in the country who have a certain familiarity with the theological writings of St. Augustine; indeed, such knowledge is presupposed in anyone who lays claim to be a student of theology. St. Augustine, however, was something

<sup>1</sup> *L'Idée de Vérité dans la philosophie de Saint Augustin*. By Charles Boyer. Paris: Beauchesne. Pp. 272. Price, 16.00 fr.

more than an exponent of Christian dogma: he was also a philosopher. It was philosophy brought him into the Church, and upon philosophic principles that his theology was based. Yet if asked to state precisely what was St. Augustine's philosophic position, most of us would, I think, find ourselves in considerable difficulties. He began as a Manichean; in many respects he was a disciple of Plotinus; he had the Platonist's implicit belief in absolute truth, of which the phenomenal world is but a faint semblance. But did he ever face the question how the existence of such truth is to be established or how the existence of God is to be proved?

M. Boyer, in analysing for us the philosophic principles involved throughout St. Augustine's numerous works, in showing us upon what they are based, and how they came to develop in St. Augustine's mind, in tracing for us the connection between this philosophic groundwork and the superstructure of speculative theology built thereupon, has rendered no small service both to the philosopher and to the theologian. The headings of the five chapters into which the book is divided—*Vérité et Certitude, La Vérité Subsistante, La Vérité Créatrice, La Vérité Illuminatrice, La Vérité Béatifiante*—with its subdivisions—*Le Souverain Bien, La Moralité, La Purification*—give us an excellent insight into the scope of the work and also into the scope and general trend of the first great Christian thinker in the West. The summary of the teaching of the philosophic schools of St. Augustine's day, given in the first chapter, enables us to realize at once the extent to which St. Augustine was indebted to pagan thinkers, and the immense flood of light which Christian dogma threw upon the principles after which, with faltering steps, they were groping. Nor has M. Boyer overlooked the philosophers of modern times. Descartes was not the first to argue *cogito, ergo sum*; nor was Hegel the first to refute the Kantian argument against the genuine reality of an intelligible world, independent of the human minds which study it. It is recognized that St. Augustine fills a most important place in the history of Christian theology. It may be questioned whether the position he occupies in the history of philosophy should not be of equal prominence. There were very few problems he did not tackle. To the philosopher and the theologian this book will prove of great value.

L.S.W.

3—THE SOCIETY OF JESUS IN FRANCE<sup>1</sup>

WE have already in the past drawn attention to the excellent work which the French Jesuits have undertaken in rewriting the history of their forefathers, and now we have more than half the task accomplished. Père Fouqueray's volume is the third devoted to the history of the Jesuits before their suppression. Père Burnichon gives us the fourth volume of a series dealing with the century since the Revolution. Both are interesting in no ordinary degree, and though both refer to the past, each is full of incidents of which the discussion is still very much alive.

Père Fouqueray begins with 1604, the close of the reign of Henri IV., and goes on to 1623, the rise of Richelieu. Henri's once pro-Huguenot policy was now entirely changed. He had become the most energetic and generous patron of the Society. Beginning with his great foundation of La Flèche he encouraged the rapid spread of great colleges and many other Jesuit institutions and missions. The sub-title of the book, *Epoch of Progress*, is well chosen. Yet the Catholics no longer enjoyed the same power as they had before the see-saw policy of Marie de Médicis and the proclamation of Rouen. Protestantism was strong in many districts, and the old Gallicanism had as many followers as ever. The alliance between their forces was preparing a seed-plot in which the germs of Jansenism would take deep root. In the *Parlement* of Paris, as in the University of Paris, antagonism to the Jesuits was very vigorous indeed. The battle was especially violent after the assassination of Henri by Ravaillac. Père Fouqueray is to be complimented on his full and adequate treatment of many then hotly-debated questions, e.g., the alleged teaching of tyrannicide by the Jesuits, the French censure on the books of Mariana, and the Gallican tendencies manifested in the condemnation of Bellarmine's *De Potestate Summi Pontificis*, followed by the burning of Father Suarez's *Defensio Fidei contra errores sectæ Anglicanæ*. Almost immediately after there was a heavy attack against the whole Jesuit Order in the Paris

<sup>1</sup> (1) *Histoire de la Compagnie de Jésus en France des les origines à la Suppression*. Tom. III., 1604—1623. By Henri Fouqueray, S.J. Paris: Bureaux des Etudes. Pp. xiii. 648. Price, 30.00 fr.

(2) *La Compagnie de Jésus en France; Histoire d'un siècle*. Tom. IV. By Joseph Burnichon, S.J. Paris: Beauchesne. Pp. 706. Price, 24.00 fr.

*Parlement*, which was not weathered without much hard fighting.

Then came a period of greater peace, of apostolic missions, and of continued increase of Jesuit colleges in the provinces of France. There was also a good deal of literary work, of patrology and of controversy. The volume concludes on a more peaceful note with interesting accounts of the first missions to Canada and to Constantinople. But here, too, there is abundance of adventure and suffering before success can be obtained.

Though Père Burnichon treats of twenty years only (1860 to 1880), and though one has already heard much about that period before from contemporaries, one cannot but be surprised at the abundant information which finds place in his pages. The record of the industry, resourcefulness, learning and zeal of the French Jesuits is really astonishing, and yet all is told briefly, critically, and the faults or deficiencies of the Religious, when they occur, are not slurred over. We begin during the rule of Napoleon III., and pass on to the Vatican Council; then there are innumerable interludes for the foundations of colleges and missions at home and abroad, and for controversies the most diverse. The amount of military service seen by the Jesuits was not inconsiderable. They took their part as chaplains in the Crimean and in the Franco-Prussian wars, in the rising of the Commune, in Napoleon's expeditions to Rome and Italy, and in numerous colonial enterprises. And as if French history were not varied enough, we find a chapter on the exiles of the Spanish and Italian Jesuits to France, on the Russians who joined the French Jesuit provinces, and on French Jesuit assistance to the Belgians in France, as well as to various colonies and foreign missions, especially those to Syria and China. Books and literature are naturally a good deal to the fore; a brief account of the origins and development of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is striking, and the longer history of *Les Etudes* touches many vital problems. In conclusion come the persecuting measures of M. de Freycinet and M. Paul Bert, and thereby the ruin of the Jesuit establishments in France. The book may be commended to all interested in the wider interests of the Catholic Church.



## SHORT NOTICES.

### THEOLOGY.

**L**ES Vingt-Quatre Thèses Thomistes, by Père Edouard Hugon, O.P. (Téqui: 7.00 fr.), is a brief exposition of some of the cardinal doctrines of St. Thomas in Ontology, Cosmology, Biology, Psychology and Natural Theology. The basis of the treatment is the twenty-four propositions issued under Pius X. in 1914, and approved, but not imposed as of precept, by his successor in 1916. The advantages, and also the drawbacks of this method of presenting a great philosophical system, are well illustrated in the present volume. The aim of the work is expository and not controversial; and as an exposition it possesses all the merits which one has learnt to expect from Père Hugon. It does seem to us, however, to suffer from over-compression, and sometimes from lack of proportion. It is surely impossible to do justice to the five theistic proofs of the Angelic Doctor in twelve short pages—almost as much space, we remark, has been given to the relatively unimportant thesis on Essence and Existence. The work is intended for beginners and lay-students of Scholasticism as well as for ecclesiastical students; but it is doubtless the latter who will find the greatest profit and interest in its pages. Frankly, we do not think the thesis-form is ever likely to find favour with the general reader. It has an unpleasantly didactic look, and the English student, at all events, would rather have his conclusions gradually unfold themselves in the course of the argument, than be presented with them at the outset. Furthermore, the thesis-method is not that which was followed by St. Thomas and the great Scholastics in their writings: it had, and always will have, its proper place in oral debate, like the carefully-worded "motion" in Parliamentary business; and as most of our text-books are manuals of debate, they have naturally been drawn up in this form. But this is accidental, and in some respects regrettable; certainly it is not the natural method of presentation for any philosophy. On these grounds, without disparaging Père Hugon's work in any way, we heartily rejoice that the twenty-four theses have not been imposed by the Holy See even on ecclesiastical seminaries. We say this especially in view of the excellent prospects of Scholasticism as a coming force in the philosophy of the future. St. Thomas stands to gain by being allowed to speak for himself.

### BIBLICAL.

The author who collaborates in the production of *La Palestine*, organ of the Latin Patriarchate of Jerusalem (M. Marc Del Medico), expounds in *Les Prédications de l'Apocalypse* (Lethielleux: 2.30 fr.) his view of the meaning of the Apostle's prophecy. His theory is based on what he considers to be the established fact that St. John, beginning from the chapter in which he describes the woman clothed with the sun and crowned with stars, is simply concerned with the history of the Jews in their relation to Christ. The author with becoming modesty does not put forth his view as final and authoritative, yet he may justly claim to have made, to the discussion of a problem which is the despair of commentators, a useful and interesting contribution.

The need has been felt for some time of a convenient manual giving the Vulgate text. The Prefect of the Ambrosian Library, in *Bibliorum Sacrorum iuxta Vulgatam Clementinam nova editio* (Marietti: 401.), has endeavoured to meet that need. Its editor's standing is itself a guarantee that the exigencies of scholarship have not been neglected; and a wide margin has been consecrated to cross-references, liturgical indications, and references to the Roman catechism. But in other respects the production is not worthy of editor or subject. The chief matter is, after all, the printing of the main text. In this case, the fount is very small, the paper very thin, showing the print through, the whole very trying to the sight. We regret to say so, but we cannot with a clear conscience recommend the volume for class use; we have to think of our student's eyes.

What Biblical student's heart will not go out to the scholar struggling bravely to expound the great Psalm "Exsurgat Deus"? We feel the grandeur of it from the very first verse, even if with the editor, Mr. W. W. Cannon, who has published a critical translation entitled *The 68th Psalm* (Cambridge University Press: 8s. 6d. net), we turn it into assertion:

God arises—His enemies are dispersing,  
They that hate Him are fleeing before Him.

But, given that the verb is not in the passive, and that therefore we can hardly say, "Let God arise," does it not better suit what follows to say (with Professor Kirkpatrick, for instance) "God *shall* arise"? Perhaps the editor is a little too keen on higher and lower criticism to do justice to sheer grammar and translation, to which he might, perhaps, have done well to consecrate yet another section of his study. His introduction is predominantly historical, and his conclusion is that the Psalm was probably written about 445 B.C., for "a procession with music and song on the occasion of the inauguration of the walls of Jerusalem" (pp. 17, 22). We confess we see little in this incident to warrant the note of war and victory that runs through it, and it would be easier to find suitable times before the exile, if the critics were not so incurably prejudiced against pre-exilic dates. We cannot go through the exegesis of the Psalm in detail; Mr. Cannon's notes are useful, and must not be neglected, but we must reluctantly refuse him the great honour of having made the Psalm really intelligible. His first appendix, "on supposed interpolations and glosses," concludes with the very sane remark: "It is the duty of an expositor to explain the text as he finds it and not to leave out large portions, and this is the reason why the older commentaries are often found by a student to be much more helpful than their modern successors." The concluding sentence of his other appendix, on "the Latin texts of the Psalm," runs thus: "It will be interesting to see whether, in the revision of the Vulgate now in progress, Jerome's version of the Psalter will at last come to its own." He means the version made directly from the Hebrew, and we believe we can safely assure him that it will be restored to its proper place in the Vulgate.

#### DEVOTIONAL.

What the author of *The Way of Vision* (Longmans: 5s. net), the Rev. Jesse Brett, has to say on the "aspect of spiritual life" of which he treats, is "an aspect of mystical theology" interesting to others outside his own, the Anglican, body. Allowing for the usual consciousness

of treading on disputed ground which mars Anglican works on this subject, the Catholic reader will find little to criticize in Mr. Brett's new volume.

In **Personal Religion and Public Righteousness** (Longmans: 2s. 6d. net), by Canon Peter Green, the author has a more straightforward task, sufficiently indicated by the title of his book, and executes it with courage, simplicity and sincerity.

If only people would look upon time in the light of eternity, as Bishop John Vaughan exhorts them to do in **Life Everlasting** (Burns, Oates and Washbourne: 7s. 6d.), this world would be a far happier place than it is. In other words, the Bishop's descriptions of the unending joys of Heaven, as set forth in Catholic theology and the writings of the Saints, is meant to foster the cultivation of the great virtue of hope, so much neglected in the spiritual life. Hence, expressed as they are in his vigorous style, with illustrations drawn from wide modern and ancient reading, they are calculated to do much good. We are especially pleased to note that his Lordship advocates the milder view as to the fate of the majority of Christians. The apparent complacency with which saints and theologians in earlier days consigned the bulk of rational creatures to eternal torment is, we take it, a reflection of the general hardness of a cruel and unsympathetic age. This book fills a real gap in our devotional literature.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL.

The reader may embark upon Father John Reville's **Herald of Christ, Louis Bourdaloue, S.J.** (Schwartz, Kirwan and Fauss: \$1.75) with the impression that he is in for an historical romance. The titles of the chapters will deepen the impression, and he may even find himself engaged in the perusal of one of the sermons of the famous seventeenth century Jesuit orator before he realizes what has happened to him, so cunningly has the author garbed his valuable biographical study of Louis Bourdaloue, whom he calls "King of Preachers and Preacher of Kings." This pendant to the title indicates that the biographer has entered upon his task in a spirit of enthusiasm which inspires a pleasing aptitude for manipulating words. He tells a vivid story of the Court Preacher who actually succeeded, by his unwearying efforts and honest outspokenness, in bringing the disedifying King Louis XIV. back to his religious duties. Unlike Charles II., Louis lived for many years after his conversion and was able to give satisfactory proof of its stability. If the note of eulogy is dominant, and eulogy is not the fashionable note with the modern biographer, we have nevertheless a clear-sighted and convincing portrait of the Court Preacher who spoke the truth to Kings in an age when most men, and some ecclesiastics, acted otherwise.

A biography by Alexander Robertson, M.A., B.Litt., viz., **The Life of Sir Robert Moray** (Longmans: 12s. 6d. net), rescues from the strange oblivion into which it has fallen the memory of an eminent Scotsman, who made a deep impression on his contemporaries as a soldier, a statesman, and a man of science. After employment by Richelieu as an agent with the Covenanters (1638-39), Moray as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Scottish Guards fought under Condé, and was captured (November 24, 1643) at the battle of Tuttlingen. On his release, early in 1645, he acted as an intermediary between Charles I. and the Scots, and later on (both under the Commonwealth and after the Restoration) held the

office of Lord Justice Clerk in Scotland. But Moray's chief title to fame is the part he played, under Charles II., in the founding of the Royal Society. He was its first president, obtained its charter, worked for its endowment, and took a large share in its early labours and discussions. Readers of this work will share with Dr. Meikle sincere regret that Mr. Alexander Robertson, its author, was not spared to make good the high hopes he had inspired: he fell as a gallant soldier in the earliest phase of the battles on the Somme.

The Superior of Maryknoll, U.S.A., is famous for his methods in arousing interest in Foreign Missions. In *The Homes of Martyrs* (published by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Maryknoll, N.Y.), the author draws his romance from the scenes left by the French missionaries who evangelized America. He describes visits paid to the homes in France of the martyr-priests whose names are held in veneration in the New World. This inversion of the ordinary method, which follows the missionary to his destination in order to find romance, has proved highly successful in the hands of Dr. Walsh. The sketches of the birth-places of such men as the Ven. Theophane Venard, cannot fail to be interesting, and give vitality to the story of missionary endeavour. The illustrations are particularly charming. The book has been brought out at a low price with a view to propaganda rather than monetary profit. It is certainly a liberal dollar's worth.

The lives of the saints ought to be obvious reading for boys, inasmuch as they contain more adventure—more blood and thunder, we were going to say—than the fiction-writer can invent. Movement is a quality demanded of the story-writer, and all the saints moved, albeit that they moved heavenward. Mr. Louis Vincent has realized this, and produced a *Boys' Book of Saints* (Sands: 6s.), in which he makes a straightforward story of the life of each of the twelve saints chosen. St. Ignatius, who is placed first, and whose portrait forms the frontispiece, is called "God's Warrior," St. Dominic "God's Apostle," and so forth. There is no unduly strained effort at reaching the modern boy's standpoint, or at colloquializing the style of narrative, but boys will not like it the less for this absence of affectation. There are a number of illustrations from existing portraits of the saints, and, whilst accepting the conventional St. Francis, one might perhaps have wished for a St. Gerard Majella, whose eyes were not quite so definitely cast upward. Still the author's robust simplicity of style will counteract any artificiality in that respect. The *Boys' Book of Saints* is one to be universally recommended.

The Life of *Thérèse Durnerin*, Foundress of the Society of the Friends of the Poor (Téqui: 10 fr.), is of great and especial interest to all those engaged in active vocations in the world. This, the latest work of Mgr. Laveille, whose skill as a biographer is well known, has been crowned three times by the French Academy, and needs little recommendation. Moreover, the very remarkable personality of Thérèse Durnerin, and the unusual way in which she was led to found her society, have also made this book one of no common interest. We would suggest it as an appropriate gift to a community library, or as a spiritual tonic to be kept in the infirmary of any religious house.

#### PHILOSOPHICAL.

Dr. Wilfred Richmond, author of *Philosophy and the Christian Experience* (Blackwell: 3s. net), is already well known for his thoughtful

and thought-provoking "Essay on Personality." The present little book is also largely engaged with problems of personality. Dr. Richmond deals with various objections that are brought against the Christian claim to knowledge of God. First of all there is the difficulty due to changes in human thought from age to age. The minds that received the Christian Revelation are very different from the minds of men to-day. Then, again, our knowledge of God, when we try to describe it, becomes involved in contradictions. And, finally, the Personality of God is inconsistent with His being the Supreme Reality of the world. Each difficulty is taken in turn and shown in the light of commonly accepted philosophical principles, to be no serious difficulty at all, or at least no insuperable barrier in the way of Christian experience. The book makes somewhat difficult reading but is very suggestive.

In an excellent little pamphlet, *The Trend of Thought in Contemporary Philosophy*, by Arthur W. Robinson, D.D. (Longmans: 1s. net), we are shown how much that is best in modern thought is on the side of the angels. Dr. Robinson begins with Lotze and works his way down to Professor Radhakreschnau's recent manifesto. He illustrates his remarks with abundant quotations—nearly all of them worth a place in the reader's note-book. His Lecture is anti-intellectualist in tone, but it is the bad intellectualism of Kant, Hegel and company he has in his thoughts. Yet on page 7 he puts St. Thomas among them! Père Rousselot's *L'Intellectualisme de St. Thomas* would show how wrong he is in doing that. But this is a minor point, and, in other respects, the pamphlet is a very valuable and timely one. Its price seems disproportionate—a shilling for 25 pages.

#### POETRY.

The visions harvested by the author of *A Harvester of Dreams* (Burns, Oates and Washbourne: 3s. 6d.) are such as lend themselves to poetic form. The Great War has provoked a number of the "long thoughts," embodied in the stanzas; a fact which lends a certain note of gloom to the whole. However, if the sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought, this need not make Miss Emily Orr's an unwelcome harvesting. Sincerity is the indispensable note in a poet's outpouring, and this is certainly not absent. Lovers of poetry will find many a happily expressed thought to gather into their barns from the author's own garnering.

A small collection of verses called *Grass of Parnassus*, by John Meredith Cobbett (Heath Cranton: 3s. 6d. net), affords pleasurable reading. The shorter pieces, noticeably "The Serenade," are not devoid of a certain musical charm and show the writer at his best. The more ambitious pieces, echoing the myths of ancient Greece, in spite of their easy-flowing rhythm, are somewhat laboured and monotonous and never really stir the imagination. All the same we prefer them to the chaotic *vers libres* of some of the later Georgians. The harmony of the composition is sometimes marred by a crude discord, as, for instance, in the "Fall of Cræsus," where a line like "Damn you, get a move on, lazy swine," hurls one too violently from the herbage of Parnassus to the gutter of Whitechapel.

The "Nun of Tyburn Convent," who contributes so regularly and so charmingly to our Catholic literature, has written a really fine play in *Donna Luísa de Carvajal*. The plot deals with the befriending of the

two English martyrs, Dom John Roberts and Father Somers, by the gallant Spanish lady, Donna Luisa Carvajal, a character whose Life appears in the Quarterly Series and ought to be better known to Catholics. The dialogue is in a form of blank verse, which, whilst it lends a dignity to the play which its subjects solicits, will perhaps be more appreciated by the reader of the book than by the spectator of the play. (Stockwell: 2s. net.)

**Larkspur: A Lyric Garland** (Vine Press: 6s. net) is a superlative production of the typographical art to which these publishers devote their attention. The Preface, printed in red, tells us that "art knows no fashion," but the whole get-up of this collection of verse and its pictorial accompaniment strikes the unenlightened as being somewhat a mode (or mood) of the moment. The resuscitated verses are of varied merit, some being too crudely erotic for our taste.

Dante has been translated in many metres, and every fresh experiment has its interest. The exact metrical form of the great original is practically impossible in English owing to our poverty in the necessary double rhymes. Here and there a great master of English like Shelley may succeed in a short composition. Mr. Henry John Hooper, in **Dante's Inferno: A new Rhythmical Version** (Routledge: 5s. net), claims that the form of verse he has adopted closely resembles the *terza rima* "in syllabic content" and preserves its "peculiar rhythmic cadence." To our ears his anapaestic lines, with their four beats, are very unlike the stately iambic verse of Dante. We give Mr. Hooper's version of some famous lines:

Art thou then Virgilius—that eloquent fountain  
From whence such a bountiful stream of speech floweth?  
I answered with bashfulness stamped on my forehead.  
O glory and lustre of all other poets!  
Now may the long study avail me, the ardent  
Devotion that led me to search through thy volume!  
My Master art thou! and my Author! yea surely—

#### HISTORICAL.

The Rev. H. J. Warner, M.A., in **The Albigensian Heresy** (S.P.C.K.: 3s. 6d.), has produced an interesting study of the nature of the Albigensian Heresy, of the localities where it flourished, of its constitution, rites and ceremonies. And, rightly enough, he also gives an account of the state of the Church and the clergy of the time. No doubt there was much ground for scandal in the lives of many in authority in the Church, but we cannot agree with the statement that it was for political reasons solely that the Church combined with France to crush the heresy. The author shows himself too ready to sympathize with the heresy against the Church, nor does he combine the hatred of heresy as such with pity for its victims, which is characteristic of the Catholic mind. Apart from this, however, we find a substantially accurate account of the various sects which constituted the heresy. Intense hatred of the Catholic Church and her teaching is the essential character of each. At the conclusion of the book one is left wondering how, in the ages of Faith, doctrines so fundamentally false regarding the nature of God and the character of Christ and His Church, could have become so wide-spread. No mention is made in the book of the part played by St. Dominic in opposing the Albigenses.



## FICTION.

At all times it is good to be helped to realize that misfortune, sorrow and pain are in no way incompatible with God's love, but to be able to *prove* to the man in the street that this is not only so, but that they are rather the overflowing of His love, is no mean task to attempt successfully, and this we think Miss Marion Taggart has done in her new book **No Handicap** (Benziger Bros.: \$2.00). It is a splendid story, told with originality, and has an unusual plot based on strong Catholic principles, of which the exposition is often a work of real beauty. The case of two young men, inseparable friends from boyhood, but unfortunately in love with the same charming girl, forms the conventional basis of an unconventional story. The characters are cleverly drawn, those of Peter and Justine being particularly good. We cannot complain that the American language is spoken so assiduously throughout, though we confess to a prejudice against people who prefix each sentence with "Say—"

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**Two Mystic Poets** (Blackwell: 3s. 6d. net), by K. M. Loudon, is the title of the first of the three essays contained in this really delightful little production. The two poets first placed in comparison are Crashaw and Vaughan. The second essay, **King Arthur**, takes Malory and Tennyson, and is a fresh and instructive commentary on a by no means exhausted subject. The third, **East and West**, compares Tagore with Stevenson. The author in the Preface seeks to be excused for "immoderate quotation from well-known literary critics," but a collection of well-presented criticisms from such sources, in conjunction with copious extracts from the works of the poets in question, would of themselves make a remarkably acceptable volume. But the author's own contribution, though modestly set in the background, is by no means that of a mere compiler: it displays the critical faculty well developed and a quality which gives charm to the book which, in addition, is produced in a particularly attractive form.

## MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The five issues of **The Catholic Mind** to hand—Vol. XX., Nos. 22, 23, 24; Vol. XXI., Nos. 1, 2 (America Press: 5 cents each)—contain some reprints of much value, such as "The Church and Social Service" and a discussion of the materialistic standard of character-estimate called "America's Fifty Million Morons" (Nov. 22nd), "The School Question in the States" (Dec. 8th), "Rights and Duties of [Trade] Unions" and "Psycho-Analysis in the School" (Dec. 22nd), the "Protest of the Exiled Archbishop of Guatemala" (Jan. 1st), and "Couéism in Theory and Practice," reprinted from our pages.

A definition of the meaning of **Local Option** was much needed, and the Rev. H. Carter supplies the need, in a pamphlet with that title issued at a penny by the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches. Those who are convinced that the drink traffic is almost wholly a bad influence in the community will find here strong arguments based on that assumption, but apart from that belief, it is not easy to see how the suppression of the sale of drink in any particular locality, by a preponderance of merely 55 per cent of the actual voters, should not be regarded as an act of tyranny. The minority are the people just as much as the majority. It is true that membership of Parliament may be decided by a single vote, but Parliament is only nominally democratic.

Extremists exist to the detriment of every cause. The Prohibitionists here and in U.S.A. are certainly injuring the cause of true temperance. *Carlisle and its Critics* (Temperance Legislation League: 2d.) is a defence by Mr. Arthur Sherwell of the experiment of "disinterested management" against the strictures of certain prohibitionists who are indignant that the State should engage in the drink traffic. As long as fanatics like that belong to the workers for temperance reform that cause is grievously handicapped.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- BEAUCHESNE, Paris.**  
*Des Grâces d'Oraison.* By Père Poulain. 10<sup>e</sup> édit. Pp. cii. 680. Price, 30.00 fr.
- BLOUD ET GAY, Paris.**  
*La Politique Rhénane.* By Maurice Barrès. Pp. 144. Price, 5.00 fr.  
*Almanach Catholique Français pour 1923.* Pp. 488. Price, 5.00 fr. n.
- BONNE PRESSE, Paris.**  
*Les Miettes.* By Pierre l'Ermite. Pp. 123. Price, 3.00 fr. *Sur les pas de nos Saints.* 2<sup>e</sup> Serie. By Chanoine J. Verdunoy. Pp. 101. Price, 3.00 fr.
- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.**  
*The Red Queen.* By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. Pp. ix. 292. Price, 6s.  
*Holy Mass and Benediction for Children.* By Rev. John Dunford. Pp. 72. *The Poems of Alice Meynell.* Collected edition. Price, 6s. n.  
*The Last Poems of Alice Meynell.* Pp. 54. Price, 3s. 6d. n.  
*The Prymer.* With introduction by H. Thurston, S.J. Pp. liv. Price, from 7s. 6d. net. *The Benedictines.* By Dom Bruno Destrée. Pp. x. 175. Price, 5s. n.
- CONSTABLE, London.**  
*Hope.* By Rev. A. W. Hopkinson. Pp. xiii. 226. Price, 7s. 6d. net.
- GABALDA, Paris.**  
*Saint Jean.* By Rev. L. Pirot. Pp. 212. Price, 3.50 fr.
- HEADLY BROS., Ashford.**  
*Carneades on Injustice.* By "Eupolis, Jr." Pp. 47.
- HEATH CRANTON, London.**  
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